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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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The Moral Crisis of the War

A GREAT ALLIED OFFENSIVE is about to begin in Tunisia, in which American troops will play a significant part. It is of the utmost importance that during this critical time we should have the greatest possible unity not only with our allies but here at home, and not only in a military but in a political sense. No one should criticize the actions of our government and its allies without the fullest sense of his responsibility. It is with deep recognition of that responsibility that we comment on the political phases of the grand strategy. It is our considered judgment that as things are going, the United Nations may achieve a military victory only to be followed by a political defeat, a defeat which may itself be followed by a series of civil wars in many countries and perhaps by the Third World War.

The dramatic meeting of President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill at Casablanca serves to illumine as by a lightning flash both the past and the future. A good many things are now clear that were obscure before—things which offer little reason for blind optimism about the end of the war.

It is now clear, in the first place, that preliminary announcements regarding a possible Supreme War Council were the irresponsible work of irresponsible journalists. There was no chance that such a council would be created, even if the British and Americans had wished it, which they probably did not. Stalin does not want such a council, and that is one reason why he refused to have Russia represented at Casablanca. It may be true that he himself could not have come, but he could certainly have sent an important spokesman if he had wished. It is simply impossible that every outstanding official in Russia was too busy to get away.

The Russians do not want to give Japan any excuse to attack them in Siberia. They fear she would find such an excuse if Russia participated in a conference which made plans, among other matters, for the destruction of Japan. It is probable also that Russia does not want to give full information about her military position to the Western democracies, who, the Russians believe, are incapable of keeping a secret (though we have done pretty well lately in this regard, having kept from the Axis both the invasion of North Africa and the Churchill-Roosevelt conference).

There is much worse feeling between Russia and China than the outside world has realized. The uneasy truce between Chiang Kai-shek and the Chinese communists, which lasted as long as Communist Russia was supplying Chiang with ammunition, has pretty well come to an end. Armed neutrality best describes the present situation as between Chungking and the Communist area in Northwest China, which includes vast territory and a huge population. China was not asked to Casablanca because it was feared that if she were, Russia would decline to come. As it turned out, Russia didn't come anyhow; but it may be just as well, all things considered, that the Chinese were not represented. It would have resulted in isolating Russia politically; and that would be as undesirable as it would be politically absurd, in view of the fact that at pres-

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ent she is doing the most effective part of the fighting against the Axis.

The Casablanca conferees met in an atmosphere of good news, militarily speaking, from all fronts. It seems certain that the conference confined itself purely to military matters and that nearly all its decisions, which involved the invasion of Europe during this year, must remain secret until they are translated into action. Churchill and Roosevelt had before them the facts of Russia's magnificent winter offensive, of Montgomery's chasing Rommel halfway across North Africa. They knew that supplies to Russia have been much improved and that despite the submarines, the convoys are getting through. Doubtless they planned a big increase in escort vessels, to make the convoys still safer. In China, they reviewed a military situation which is fairly good. Supplies by airplane will move better, now that administration has been transferred from our Air Corps to our Air Transport Command. There is reason to believe that in other ways, also, transportation into China has been materially improved.

Yet the Casablanca conferees will be forced to realize, if they don't already, that the political aspect of the war will soon be almost as important as the military, or more so. The nearer we come to the invasion of Europe, the more vital becomes our understanding with the conquered peoples, and the necessity of an understanding with Russia. The nearer we come to a direct attack upon Japan herself, by way of China, the more important become the political factors in China's war. Paradoxical as it may seem, the more urgent becomes the need for a Supreme War Council, the more clearly we realize that at the present moment not one of the four great powers is ready for such a council.

To take them in order: China is torn by internal dissension. Many of the men around Chiang Kai-shek come very close to being fascists; his government as a whole is still about as much concerned to fight the Chinese communists as it is to fight the Japanese, against whom there has been less effective military action lately than people suppose. A large proportion of Chiang's effective troops are held in the north, facing the communist armies which have been deprived by Chungking of further arms, supplies and pay, for many months. The official explanation is that these troops are held in the north to prevent a Japanese attack from that quarter; but such an explanation simply does not agree with the known facts. A civil war in China would be a tragedy now; yet one was only narrowly averted last summer, partly because the Japanese destroyed Chinese airfields and crippled Chiang's power of offense.

China needs military supplies from us, and should be given them in large quantities, on the clear understanding that she uses them solely to fight the Japanese. The most urgent military necessity in the Far East is to retake Burma; for this purpose, the British-American forces attacking from the south should be aided simultaneously by a Chinese invasion from Yunnan. For such an invasion, it is imperative that Chinese troops should be brought down from the area where at present they menace the Chinese communists and nobody else.

Russia also is not prepared to join a Supreme War Council, chiefly for the reasons already mentioned. She is playing a magnificent part in the war, and is making a greater contribution than all the rest of the United Nations combined; but even so, she could with reasonable safety take greater risks in the Orient than she is now prepared to do. Her alarm about a possible Japanese attack in the rear is probably needless, for the reason set forth by General Yakhontoff in The New Republic some weeks ago—namely, that Japan has already bitten off more than she can chew and doesn't intend to get into worse trouble. Above all, Russia and the Western democracies need an understanding about post-war ambitions and policies which neither side at the moment seems ready to offer.

Great Britain, too, is in some ways unprepared for the obligations of a Supreme War Council. India is is one great stumbling block, and the whole Far East is another. Britain did great harm to the cause of worldwide democracy when she bluntly announced a few weeks ago that she had no intention of ever giving up Hong Kong. The policy of destroying Hitler first and then turning to Japan may be good strategy; but it may also be due partly to the British desire to retake Burma and Malaya with British troops—who are now fighting, or preparing to fight, Germany—in order to ensure the continuance of British rule in the Far East. It is certainly not unthinkable that from the point of view of the Empire, the British do not want China to become too strong, or to play too important a role in the winning of the war against Japan.

The United States is equally unready for the full obligations of the Supreme War Council and the United Nations. Isolationism is still strong in this country; millions of Americans reject the obvious fact that the United States, and the United States alone is in a position to supply the liberal leadership for the world. Many of us are not prepared to take the consequences of worldwide democracy, of even theoretical equality for all races and all nations. Some of us resist bitterly even the slightest move in that direction, here at home.

All these problems in the moral sphere are made suddenly acute by the political policy demonstrated by our government in North Africa. No one can any longer pretend that the policy of collaboration with Vichyites and other fascists is one of temporary expediency, designed merely to prevent the loss of life during landing operations. We took Darlan when he was able to order that firing should cease; but long

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after the firing had stopped, we sent all the way to Buenos Aires for Peyrouton, who was and still is a fascist, Jew-baiter, labor-hater, of the deepest dye. We have maintained Noguès in Morocco although Noguès, just as much a fascist as Peyrouton, says openly that he expects Hitler to win, that the Americans are a pack of simpletons, and that he can pull the wool over our eyes.

In the current American Mercury there is an article which obviously represents the State Department's own defense of what has now become a fixed American policy. We will work, this article says, with anybody in any country, who will help us against Hitler. We don't care what his personal views are; all we ask is that he shall side with us temporarily. One hardly needs to point out the fatal danger of such a policy. By means of it we could easily set up a series of fascist regimes in one European country after another, if the leaders would only make the proper gesture of anathema toward Berlin. We would fan the flames of potential civil war in each of these countries. We would develop a series of underground conflicts with the Russians like the one already burning fiercely in Yugoslavia. We could alienate—and we are alienating—an important segment of British opinion. Already we are told that Britain is being divided into pro-American and pro-Russian groups. The pro-American group, headed by Churchill, includes the conservatives, not forgetting those who have always inclined toward appeasement, have always considered domestic radicalism more dangerous than foreign fascism. The pro-Russian group, which begins to center around Anthony Eden, includes many of the liberals.

It is no exaggeration to say that we are now face to face with the supreme moral crisis of the war. If this proves to have been a war for the preservation of empire, for the maintenance of the status quo, a war won by anti-Hitler fascists over pro-Hitler fascists, then the tragedy of the world predicament will be black indeed. If we want permanent peace it must be coupled with permanent justice, and we must be prepared to pay the price, which will prove heavier than many of us expect. We should recall the words of Tom Paine in "The Crisis":

> What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly: it is dearness only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its good. And it would be strange indeed if so celestial an article as Freedom should not be highly rated.

What we need is a worldwide alliance of progressives determined that this war shall be ended on terms that will not sow the seeds of another conflict. We must fight the fascists at home while we are fighting those under Hitler's banner. We must fulfill the worldwide demand that this shall be the century of the common man. And we must recognize that political decisions of the leading Allied governments—and most of all our own—are now creating a tide setting powerfully in the opposite direction.

Trying to Justify Peyrouton

The American State Department shows every evidence of an excessively guilty conscience over the Peyrouton affair. If the critics were as few, as ill informed and as unimportant as the Department says, there would be no occasion for the frantic, almost hysterical, deluge of denial, explanation and abuse that has poured out during the past week through friendly, not to say docile, newspaper writers and radio commentators. Secretary Hull went to the extraordinary lengths of replying to a legitimate question about Peyrouton from a journalist only by charging his inquirer with writing under a nom de plume—as if that had anything to do with the case. Here are the "inspired" justifications, with a little comment of our own.

Defense: Peyrouton didn't arrive in Africa until Roosevelt and Churchill were there. Therefore these two chiefs really appointed him. Therefore he must be all right.

Comment: But in fact, the State Department had started Peyrouton on his way long before the Casablanca conference began. There is no evidence that the name of this notorious French fascist was ever mentioned at the conference. If it was, there is no reason to believe that Roosevelt and Churchill knew anything about him. And anyhow, Churchill obviously would not interfere in an American domestic question. Roosevelt, if he acted at all, would be under enormous psychological pressure to back up his own subordinate, Robert Murphy.

Defense: The decision, the State Department says alternately, was General Eisenhower's. The Department was pretty unhappy about it, held it up until assured that General Eisenhower insisted on it, and then went ahead.

Comment: There is good evidence that this story is a flat falsehood. Paul Appleby, in charge of North African affairs in the State Department, resigned in the belief that Murphy had forced Peyrouton upon the reluctant Eisenhower. Newspaper dispatches from North Africa, passed by Eisenhower's own censorship, have said the same thing. Past experience suggests that such newspaper dispatches are far more reliable than off-the-record comment by the unofficial spokesmen for the State Department.

Defense: Our policy is justified because Darlan brought us Dakar.

Comment: There is no solid evidence that this is true. Dakar surrendered only after all the rest of French Africa had been taken. It was cut off from Vichy, and was bound to fall in the near future in any case.

Defense: The French are full of factions who always quarrel, and it's hopeless to try to unify them.

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Comment: It is true that the French have long had many political parties. But on the subject of fascism, there are only two kinds of Frenchmen, those in favor and those opposed. We have been putting our emphasis on those recently in favor, who now profess to be opposed, and to some degree upon those, like Peyrouton and Noguès, still in favor.

Defense: There aren't enough democratic Frenchmen in North Africa to run the country, so we have to use Vichyites.

Comment: This story appears to be a plain falsehood. Drew Middleton, in one of his brilliant dispatches from North Africa to The New York Times on this subject, lists many names of experienced and able administrators whose loyalty to democratic ideals is unquestioned. Their only enemies are the people with whom the American State Department representatives have been playing from beginning to end, first in Paris, then in Vichy, then in North Africa—ultra-reactionary spokesmen for big money and big industry, or out-and-out fascists like Peyrouton.

Defense: We shouldn't be taken in by the British, who are supporting de Gaulle for their own reasons, chief of which is that he can help them to get what they want at the peace table.

Comment: We agree that for Americans the issue should not be one of rival personal ambition but one of devotion to democratic principles. De Gaulle has personal faults, but he has been a loyal enemy of fascism as Darlan and Peyrouton never were. It is absurd to suppose that he can get anything for Britain at the peace table that she cannot get for herself. This sort of divisive talk should be left to Herr Goebbels, and should never appear, as expressing American government views, in the columns of a great newspaper like The New York Times.

Defense: We can't move too hastily in North Africa to throw out the Vichyites, or to relax the anti-Semitic laws, or to set free the imprisoned liberals, because the Arabs would be upset.

Comment: If this were true, we should not have brought back Peyrouton, who is hated by the Arabs. But, in any case, how do we explain the action of the British in Tripoli? Tripoli is also full of Arabs; yet within twenty-four hours the British there had canceled the anti-Jewish laws, put the fascist administrators in prison, set free the democrats. The Arabs didn't object; in fact, they gave every evidence of being completely delighted. The British policy shines brilliantly by comparison with our own. It almost looks as though they planned it that way.

Casablanca on the Radio

All through the night of January 25-26 and all the following day, the newscasters kept building up our interest in what was to come. At ten o'clock on Tuesday evening there would be an important announcement, followed by comments from Washington and abroad. If we turned the dial, it was only to hear another voice saying, "I repeat, at ten o'clock Eastern War Time, there will be an important announcement. . . ." Soon the States were full of rumors. An American force had landed in Europe and was sweeping all before it. Hitler had committed suicide and the German army was suing for peace. In one Indiana town a locomotive whistle got stuck just before ten o'clock and people rushed into the streets, thinking it was being blown to celebrate the end of the war.

After that, almost any real news from Washington would have been an anti-climax. The Office of War Information had done its work entirely too well. It had failed to realize the suggestive power of radio voices or the wartime tension of the public mind. The Casablanca conference, as we point out above, was probably a most important event, but largely for reasons that cannot be revealed for months to come. What more than fifty million radio listeners heard at ten o'clock that Tuesday evening was simply that Mr. Roosevelt, the greatest traveler in the history of the presidency, had taken another trip, that he had talked once more with Mr. Churchill, that Stalin hadn't come to this conference either, and that the French were still unable to agree among themselves. Many of the listeners were left in the same state of mind as a fisherman who feels a tremendous weight on his line, who sweats and trembles while he reels it in, and who ends by catching a water-logged boot.

Dies, UnAmerican

The Dies Committee is asking Congress for funds to continue its investigation of "un-American activities."

What are "un-American activities"? When the Dies Committee started operations, they were supposed to be Communist. Later, the country recognized Fascists and Nazis as its chief enemies.

Has the Dies Committee been anti-Communist? Even if it were, it might cause us some embarrassment, now that Soviet Russia is one of our chief allies. But as a matter of fact its exposure of Communists has been almost nil.

Has the Dies Committee been anti-Fascist and anti-Nazi? On the contrary, it has done little to investigate these movements. What evidence it has in its files, according to Rep. Jerry Voorhis, one of its members, it has refused to publish. That is because American Nazi sympathizers, with whom it is friendly, are involved.

Who, then, is the Dies Committee against? It is against American liberals, progressives, New Dealers. It has done its best to blacken their reputations by false charges of being Communist or by charges, often false, of having been associated with movements which Communists also supported. Vice President Wallace has stated that in making such false charges against govern-

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ment employees, Representative Dies has done as much harm as if he were an agent of Goebbels.

The FBI does not want, or need, the help of the Dies Committee, which is itself a prime example of un-American activity. Congress should end its disgraceful career.

A Case for Collective Bargaining

The farm bloc wants higher prices for food because wages have gone up. Labor wants higher wages because the cost of food has gone up. It must be clear even to a simpleton that simultaneous granting of both demands would lead only to their repetition. This is the perfect formula for blowing up the balloon of prices until it bursts with a loud bang in the faces of all concerned. And while prices were rising, the farmers would not get any more industrial products for their increased money, nor would labor get any more food.

This is really a dispute concerning the division of an amount of goods available for civilian consumption which cannot be increased, and may decrease. Neither party to the dispute can win so long as both enforce their present formulas, and both will lose in the end. The rest of the consumers lose as long as the dispute goes on. We suggest that labor and the farmers get together and agree on a fair division. And we suggest that if they cannot agree within a reasonable period, the case be submitted to arbitration by a board on which not only they, but consumers as such, are represented.

The CIO and the AFL ought to say to the farm organizations, "Let's meet around a table and see if we can't agree. Neither of us has anything to gain from progressive inflation. We demand that wages be allowed to rise until they have increased as much as the cost of living since the defense program began. And we propose that they stop there, provided farm prices are not allowed to rise beyond their present level." The farm representatives would doubtless reply, "We demand that farm prices be allowed to rise enough to account for our increased labor costs and the increase in industrial prices since the defense program began. And we propose that they stop there, provided wages are not allowed to rise beyond their present level." If no compromise could be reached between these demands, let the consumers decide.

A Job for Don Montgomery

"Consumers had better begin to look to their food needs themselves." This was Donald Montgomery's advice to the public on December 28, when he resigned in protest as consumers' counsel to the Department of Agriculture. Already an important bloc of consumers has acted on that advice. On February 1 the United Auto Workers, CIO, opened a Washington office with Donald Montgomery himself serving as their consumer representative.

Montgomery intends to speak for UAW members in their consumer interests on all government matters. These include price and quality controls, simplification of styles and sizes, civilian supplies and control of rents. Montgomery hopes also to organize research from which he will obtain consumer reports on the state of affairs along the shopping front in the communities where UAW members are concentrated.

That a trade union should undertake as comprehensive a program as this for the protection of the consumer's dollar is a step of the utmost importance to most Americans. It marks a new maturity in trade-union development. Perhaps this action may stimulate other trade unions, farm groups and women's organizations to join forces with the United Automobile Workers for a common effort to keep the inflationary wolf from the door where our groceries are delivered. There are already some signs that at least one other trade-union group is planning parallel activities.

The Consumer Gets Squeezed

It is all too clear that this kind of action is immediately essential. Food prices are still rising and they have come up 42 percent since 1939. Evidence also is piling up of the widespread deterioration in the quality of products offered in stores today under ceiling prices. The consumer is caught between these two millstones. From Leon Henderson's final report, which ought to be required reading for those wishing to understand American business, it is obvious that manufacturers are responsible for a good share of our price and quality difficulties. Henderson reveals that corporation profits in 1942 will reach about $20,000,000,000. For manufacturers, this amounts to an increase of more than 300 percent above 1939. In that year profits were $5,300,000,000, which isn't hay.

Henderson answers all those who argue that these swollen profits mean little because the government gets them anyway as taxes: "For price-control purposes it is profits before taxes that are significant." He continues: "The Congress determines, in its tax legislation, what shall be the distribution of the financial burdens of war—who shall pay the taxes, and how much they shall pay. To permit prices to increase so as to cover income and excess-profits taxes levied upon corporations, and thus to permit such taxes to be passed on by the corporation to the consumer, would defeat the intention of Congress." Congress is being defeated all right, for there was no drop in profits after taxes in 1942.

Perhaps now Montgomery, with the aid of organized labor and other groups, will be able to curtail some of this profiteering in rising prices and the debased quality of foods, clothing and other necessities covered by ceiling prices. Labor's move on this front may bring the old consumer movement, which advertisers fought so bitterly up to Pearl Harbor, into a new wartime stage and back into the news.

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The Militant and Free Speech

Having held up successive issues of The Militant without explanation, the Post Office Department has now moved for permanent revocation of that paper's second-class mailing privilege on the ground that it has violated the Espionage Act. At the hearing, held in Washington late last month, the attorneys for The Militant and the American Civil Liberties Union denied the assertion of the Post Office and asked for strict application of Justice Holmes's "clear and present danger" rule.

That The Militant, which is the weekly newspaper of the American followers of Leon Trotsky, has made statements which cannot fail to be distasteful to the great majority of Americans is not to be denied. But there is a vast gulf between criticism of the government and the war and willful violation of the Espionage Act. We agree with little that The Militant has printed—indeed we deeply regret and deplore its failure to see in the war only a conflict between rival groups of imperialist nations. But we remember too well what happened to the free press of America under Postmaster General Burleson and Attorney General Palmer in the last war to feel at all comfortable about the present attempt to muzzle The Militant. If this paper were an organ of enemy propaganda, we should welcome its suppression. But because it is an anti-fascist paper we agree with Osmond Fraenkel, ACLU attorney in the case, that the attempt to suppress it is "the gravest threat to freedom of the press that has thus far arisen in this war."

"Without the right to criticize there can be no freedom," Mr. Fraenkel added, "and that is the sole question involved in this case." We cannot see that the Post Office has shown otherwise.

The Steel Man in the Woodpile

When Mr. Jeffers and the military men come into collision about how nearly he is going to be allowed to make good on the Baruch rubber program, they are really fighting about the division of an insufficient supply of steel. There is not enough steel to make the rubber machinery and anti-submarine weapons at the same time; both will have to go shy if we are to have anywhere near enough of either. Admiral Land testified the other day that what was holding up the ship program was not labor shortage but steel shortage. Meanwhile complaints are made that even now too many merchant ships are being built to be protected by the escort craft produced. That is another conflict over the use of steel. But we haven't seen anything yet. Just wait until the railroads, wearing out their equipment by maximum use, say they will either have to get more cars, locomotives and rails, or curtail transportation.

We are just mean enough to recall once more that early in the defense program there was a knock-down and drag-out fight between the New Deal economists who said we ought to expand our steel capacity while we still had the chance, and the industry executives charged by the President with control of production, who said we had enough capacity. The industry executives won, and were not proved wrong until it was too late to arrange for the necessary degree of expansion. By that time we had no more unused steel and labor with which to construct the plants.

Lest we be accused of crying over spilt milk, however, we want to call attention to another fault that can still be remedied. Why do these quarrels over allotments of scarce materials and men have to be carried on as if there were no planned production? Why is there not a single representative and competent authority for overall production strategy?

Womanpower

The War Manpower Commission estimates that 5,000,000 more workers will be needed in factories and on farms this year. About 2,000,000 of them must be women. Does this mean conscription of womanpower?

There are about four million women in war plants now, and to date the problem has been more one of placing our womanpower effectively and adjusting it to the human equation in industry than in recruiting women workers. The problem of adjustment has been simplest in the West and in new industries—45 percent of the Boeing aircraft employees in Seattle are women—and most difficult in the East and South, where traditional ideas as to woman's "proper sphere" are strongest. A significant experiment in Baltimore, where for three months the United States Employment Agency has operated a Women's Recruiting Center, suggests the solution to the problem of adjustment and turnover, through careful preliminary examinations and, if necessary, special preëmployment training.

Come Out of the Kitchen

There must now be a concerted effort to get more women into war plants and essential civilian industries. The Manpower Commission feels, rightly, that voluntary recuiting, on a regional basis, is the proper method of procedure. Britain conscripted her women more than a year ago; we are, for the present at least, spared this necessity, for one major reason because our industry is not so dispersed as Britain's. Our reservoir of potential labor is greatest near our industrial centers. Indeed, many of these centers are so overcrowded that women are asked not to move into them.

But a powerful recruiting campaign to arouse all able-bodied American women for service on the agricultural or industrial front is needed at once. Through a campaign in the press and on the air, through a careful house-to-house survey, our womanpower must be enrolled for war.

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The AP Muddies the Water

CONFUSION must be the lot of many of the members of the Associated Press who have watched recent developments affecting the AP and the anti-trust laws.

In his book, "Barriers Down," Kent Cooper, the high-salaried executive-director of the AP, described his successful efforts to break up the European monopoly of Reuter's and to gain for his Association the right of access to the newsgathering facilities of the newspapers forming the British Press Association. But in America the AP insists upon and publicizes its exclusive rights to the local newsgathering facilities of practically all the important papers in this country and Canada. These rights give the AP a preëminent position in the vital field of local American news.

The AP has widely broadcast that the Association's exclusive control over the newsgathering facilities of its members makes "each member paper reporter also a reporter for the AP." But the publicity has not stopped with this. Press Association, Inc., the wholly owned subsidiary of the AP, in soliciting business from radio concerns and others, has recently distributed and, it is believed, is still distributing advertising matter wherein it is stated that the AP has "a staff of 7,200, augmented by the staffs of member newspapers and affiliated newspaper services in foreign countries, a total of approximately 100,000 men and women contributing directly or indirectly to each day's efforts . . . a staff many times larger than the staffs of all other American news agencies combined."

This statement, though excellent for promotional purposes, has its disadvantages in a suit based upon the importance of the AP to the newspaper world. When the government asked to have these facts admitted so as to short-cut the proof in the case, the AP was confronted with an unpleasant dilemma. It could either acknowledge its unique position, which would be bad for its defense in the government case, or maintain that it had been misrepresented in its promotional advertising. It has not done either. It has disclaimed responsibility on the ground that it never made the statement; that, it says, was the doing of its subsidiary, Press Association. This crawl can hardly be expected to please many of the forthright editors of AP newspapers, for Press Association is not only wholly owned by the AP; its directors consist of the executive committee of the board of directors of the AP and, in addition, Mr. Kent Cooper. Though this evasion appears in the court records in the AP case, no mention has appeared in any newspaper that we have examined.

The climax was reached when a call was sent out for a special meeting of the members of the AP announced for February 9. This meeting is called for a single purpose. The by-laws adopted by the AP a year ago provided that for a person to be eligible for membership he must pay to his competitors a sum equal to 10 percent of the assessment paid in his region since 1900. A proviso was added that the 10 percent should not be less than three times the current assessment. This payment the government challenges as improperly requiring a newcomer to buy from his competitor the right to compete. The meeting announced for February 9 is not to strike out the payment, but only the limitation that it shall not be less than three times the annual assessment. If it is wrong in principle to pay a competitor for the right to compete, the fact that there is some slight discount from three years' payments will not save the situation. AP members must accordingly wonder why a meeting should be summoned for this purpose. To them it must be reminiscent of the proceedings brought to change the name of Henry Stink to Joseph Stink.

Beyond these, however, is something that is not amusing. It is the attempt made to block or impede the government prosecution. The AP and its newspaper members are wealthy and powerful. They have employed able, expensive counsel. A court has been constituted of judges distinguished for their learning and integrity. That is the tribunal where these important issues should be tried.

The hostile resolutions introduced in Congress a few days ago asking for subcommittee investigation of the government suit can be interpreted only as an attempt of powerful litigants of those sympathizing with them to harass a government agency while engaged in the preparation of the case and to argue over spurious issues before a group of legislators on the front pages of the very newspapers that are being prosecuted, instead of having the real issues heard by the duly constituted and disinterested court. These attempts to hamper the law-enforcement power of the government seem to give emphatic corroboration to the government's charges that the powers now vested in the AP over newspapers, including the determination whether new publications may come effectively into the newspaper field, are unhealthy and illegal.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

Editors: BRUCE BLIVEN, MALCOLM COWLEY, GEORGE SOULE, MICHAEL STRAIGHT, STARK YOUNG

Managing Editor: THOMAS SANCTON

Treasurer: DANIEL MEBANE

Assistant Editors: BYRON DEXTER, VARIAN FRY, ELIZABETH HULING

Contributing Editors: H. N. BRAILSFORD, VAN WYCK BROOKS, JULIAN HUXLEY, ALFRED KAZIN, MAX LERNER, E. C. LINDEMAN, REXFORD GUY TUGWELL

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Mr. Roosevelt's Supreme Test

THERE ARE MOMENTS when, in politics as in military operations, our fate is in the hands of one man. Today it is the plain and rather awful truth that only President Roosevelt can speak and act for the democratic cause with enough power to give it even a chance of prevailing in that immediate future that will cast shadows—or light—for a generation or more ahead.

This doesn't mean that the rest of us must sit back helpless. It does mean that our first and most pressing job is to assert our claims on Mr. Roosevelt as the thrice-elected leader of the country's liberal forces, and to use every means of persuasion at our command to influence him toward the course of action required for the fighting and winning of a people's war.

No disagreement is involved here with those who see the need of organizing, from precinct to United Nations, a working, fighting coalition of democratic groups. For not even the great power of the President, exerted with the utmost courage and wisdom, could consolidate a democratic victory unless the country was ready to support it. But in the short run, at least, he can do more to make the country ready than all the rest of us put together. And our first best hope is that he will.

I take it for granted that Michael Straight's proposals, and those of President Patton of the National Farmers' Union, and of Senator Norris and others similarly minded, will lead to the calling in the near future of a national congress of democratic groups. Its first task, even as it tackles the long-range undertaking, should be to draw up a memorial to President Roosevelt and to appoint as impressive a delegation as possible to present it to him. Senator Norris would be the inevitable choice for chairman.

The memorial should take the form of a specific challenge to Mr. Roosevelt as not only Commander-in-Chief of the armed forces but the political leader of the American people, with a mandate twice renewed. It should recall and acknowledge his great services of former years in that latter capacity; it should acknowledge his more recent services as Commander-in-Chief; it should acknowledge the almost inhuman load placed upon him by this dual responsibility; it should assert the plain truth that it is a dual burden that he cannot escape. And finally it should warn him that failure in the political field would be more damning and disastrous even than a failure to win a military victory. For the democratic cause could survive even an armed truce with Hitler better than it could survive betrayal by the leaders of Britain and America.

There will be no conscious betrayal by President Roosevelt, of course. But it will be betrayal just the same if, preoccupied by the immediate military problem, he seeks an impossible political unity at home and expedient appeasement of neutral fascism abroad, to the point where the issues become blurred and a democratic future is compromised and forestalled.

We should not assume that he is failing us or about to fail us. I think we are failing him as well as ourselves if we do not let him hear our voices, if we do not build up pressure from the democratic side to counteract the terrific pressure boring in on him from men without faith in or understanding of democracy, if we do not arrest his attention for dangers in the political sphere that threaten disaster in the long run just as real and terrible, and much more likely, than any potential military defeat.

We must not forget that he has been Commander-in-Chief of the armed forces, responsible for his country's security, during a terrible year. We must remember that he knew, during the early months of 1942, what most of us did not, that his country was in imminent danger of invasion, and that he has done on the whole a magnificent job of mobilizing and disposing our military power to ward off that danger until today it scarcely exists.

But it is time now to remind Mr. Roosevelt that the military outlook in early 1918, when the Russian front had crumbled, and Pétain talked defeat, and the British fought with their backs to the sea, was just as dark as in early 1942, and that Woodrow Wilson too did a superb job as Commander-in-Chief only to lose all because he failed as the political leader of the democratic cause.

We have no right to assume as yet that Mr. Roosevelt has done other than to put first things first, and that he would not, without any reminder from us, turn at the first opportunity to face the political realities and his own responsibility to deal with them as courageously as Halsey dealt with the Japanese fleet.

But there have been disturbing signs. His failure to ventilate and make over the State Department, his apparent impatience with Willkie's outspokenness, his subscription of himself to the butcher fascist stooge Franco as "your sincere friend," his pejorative use, in a recent speech, of the word "politics" as though it were a poker game or a vulgar struggle for office, to be adjourned during the war, his growing kinship—so natural and inevitable—with the admirals and the generals at the expense of his kinship with men of political vision and profound democratic conviction, his almost complete failure to formulate and announce for his people and their allies a set of war objectives capable of firing their zeal and enthusiasm and faith in the future—these are, at the best, signs of his complete

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absorption for the time being in his duties as Commander-in-Chief, and, at a too likely worst, of a trend, a tendency, that could easily lead on to disaster for him, for us, for the world.

The central failure in leadership at this time can be summed up not as a bill of particulars, not as specific mistakes of commission and omission, but as the failure to see that domestic political unity is today utterly impossible and any attempt to sacrifice the democratic cause for its fiction disastrous. For that fiction, dinned into us day after day by our subversive press, is nothing less than the appeasement of reaction here at home, a reaction that adds up to something as ugly, as antisocial, as dangerous, within the American frame of reference, as fascism in Europe. And Mr. Roosevelt of all men should understand this. If he can forget or overlook the course of our business press during the past eight years, he has only to glance over the speeches of the key figures of the National Association of Manufacturers at their December War Congress.

At stake is the long future as well as the near. For that future will be largely in the hands of the nine or ten million men now or soon to be in the armed forces. And I shuddered the other day when my daily paper brought me the photographs of three young men, invalided out of the new army, proudly donning the caps of the American Legion, encouraged in that allegiance by a special act of Congress.

I remember how the boys came home from France in 1919 aware that new things were stirring in a changing world, and how, after let-down and disillusionment and bitterness, they finally took what was offered them —bonuses and government-job preferment and toleration of a Legion leadership that at least gave them status as guardians of a vague "Americanism" which, they couldn't be expected to see, was merely a disguise for organized selfishness and greed. Vigilantes, "Americanism" committees clamoring for a fascist regime of repression and intolerance, carefully cultivated hatred and hostility toward every progressive and liberal idea, toward ideas and intelligence in themselves!

Will it happen again? It will unless the Commander-in-Chief faces his responsibility, remembers his clear mandate under the Constitution from two contested elections, realizes that his country's future, the world's future, his own place in history, depend upon the deliberate and conscientious education and indoctrination of the American people, and first of all our young men, in democratic principles and their application to war and post-war issues.

This requires courage of a new sort. It requires the insight that this is a crisis when leaders must choose, as the leaders of reaction have already chosen, and act, as they are already acting. No specious considerations of unity have prevented the Hearsts and Howards and McCormicks and The Saturday Evening Post and a thousand other clamorous organs of reaction from declaring war on the New Deal and prosecuting that war day in and day out. And unless President Roosevelt faces their challenge, the people who three times elected him their President will be left voiceless and confused and impotent and once more the peace will be lost.

Getting down to cases, what does this mean? It means that the President must let the heathen rage—they are raging anyhow—as he defines "Americanism" for the men in the army and navy and the people at home in terms that make sense in relation to what is happening in a changing world. The limitations of so-called "free enterprise"; the techniques by which patriotism can be perverted in the interests of monopoly and fascism; the consensus among informed and intelligent men the world over that some form of democratic socialism—call it planning or common sense or whatever—is on the cards; the need at this time of examining new ideas without fear of inherited taboos; the need of continuous awareness of the selfish influences controlling press and radio—where, unless from their thrice-elected President, can our people get these warnings and insights without which they will be as helpless and as doomed as though their government were to abandon them to bombs and poison gas?

The President's powers are very great and he has his clear mandate. Nor in his other capacity as Commander-in-Chief can he afford to hold back the words that will break through the paralyzing double-talk of our press and radio and banish the inertia, the cynicism, the suppressed and gnawing doubts, that are today a drag on national morale.

In practice this paramount duty offers no serious difficulty. Let there be—I improvise suggestions—a series of pamphlets and radio presentations in the camps and at home—the speeches of our Vice President on the People's Century and the Four Democracies, intelligent and sympathetic if objective expositions of what Russia believes and thinks and does; of what the Archbishop of Canterbury says to his flock in England; of what American churchmen like Bishops Parsons and Lucey and McConnell say to their flocks here at home; of what Jefferson and Lincoln said and how their messages apply to our present-day problems; of what our great poets and writers are thinking and saying. And let it all shape up to a creed and a conviction, a conviction held with courage and stated boldly in utter disregard of any anti-democratic minority whatsoever.

Anything short of this in American leadership is betrayal of the people as gross and disastrous as betrayal on the field of battle. To blink the plain fact that the conflict is as critical and deadly on the political domestic front as in Africa or the Pacific is to show cowardice in the face of the enemy. It is to invite certain defeat, including a place in history for Mr. Roosevelt as a pathetic failure.

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Mr. Roosevelt—bless him for it!—admires and appreciates Carl Sandburg. Let him read Sandburg's account of how Lincoln revitalized the Union cause and ended all danger of British intervention for the South with his Emancipation Proclamation. He issued it against the frantic warnings of advisers who said it would wreck the unity of the North, that it would precipitate slave uprisings, that it meant disaster. That was politics, and it took courage. Mr. Roosevelt can't lead a task force in the Pacific. He can't down Axis planes over the Mediterranean. But he can use his mind as well as his heart and fight and win the battle for humanity here at home as the first and decisive step in winning it abroad.

Mr. Roosevelt has been a superb leader in what, measured by today's issues, were little things. But his real test is here and now. The people of the United States have made a heavy investment in him, an investment of faith and confidence and love. May he measure up! And may we measure up! GEORGE P. WEST

Little Business on the Skids

THOUGH MOST PEOPLE do not realize it, something of an economic revolution is in the making in the United States. It is not instigated by a small coterie of ambitious, power-crazed zealots determined to destroy everything in their path. For the most part it will be the impersonal product of blind, economic processes generated by the war itself whose devastating sweep increases in momentum from day to day. It is a revolution without leaders, followers or program. Yet its repercussions are bound to affect the economic, social and political life of America.

While the problems of small business have multiplied and become more complex as a result of the war, they did not all originate in it. Before the war small business was only losing ground. Now the ground is being taken from under it.

Some business lines, to be sure, have not yet begun to feel the pinch. The inventory boom of the last two years has stocked the warehouse of many a small factory and the shelves of many a small wholesaler and retailer. Many concerns have enough stock on hand to keep them going for a long time to come. Again, the effect of the war on some lines has been uneven. Some small businesses have been benefited by war orders and increased purchasing power, while others have languished. By and large, however, only a miracle can save thousands of small enterprises from their fate.

The threat of impending catastrophe has been obscured by the lush prosperity ushered in by the defense boom. War orders served as a tonic to the economy as a whole, raising the level of industrial activity, employment and consumption to record-breaking heights. With almost everybody else, small business shared in the feast.

The brief revival, however, may be likened to the last, deep gasps of a dying man just before the end. In America today there is room for only two types of industry: war industries (or those readily convertible to war) and essential civilian industries. The non-convertible, non-essential industries are on the spot. War has condemned thousands of them to virtual death. And this means, for the most part, large numbers of small enterprises that constitute the backbone of the wholesale, retail and service trades in America.

Their loss will be the nation's loss, for it is these enterprises, more than anything else, that have given a middle-class character to America. They have been responsible for the wide diffusion of economic power and have made possible for producers and consumers alike a wide freedom of choice. Their jeopardy is the nation's jeopardy.

The Department of Commerce defines small business as manufacturing plants with 100 employees or less; wholesale establishments with less than $200,000 annual net sales volume; retail stores, service establishments, hotels, places of amusement and construction concerns with annual net sales or receipts of less than $50,000.

On this basis about 93 percent of the total business concerns of the nation in 1939 belonged to the category of small business. All in all, there were 2,750,000 small business concerns in the United States. These establishments furnished employment to 8,350,000 people, transacted about 34 percent of the business of the country and accounted for about one-third of the manufacturing. The vast preponderance, however, were engaged in retailing and service trades.

The war has already affected large numbers of these concerns in different ways. The flow of goods to wholesalers and retailers in some lines has ceased or, in the case of tire and automobile-distributing agencies, diminished to a trickle. Others report declines in the number of their customers. Private building has practically ceased. Most small concerns have yet to feel the squeeze. When they do, the reasons will be various.

Some will pay the penalty for refusal to convert to armaments production way back in the defense era. Many have been denied prime contracts due to inability to meet the severe financial standards prescribed by the government. Others are unable to convert. Large numbers will be affected increasingly by raw-material shortages, manpower shortages, smaller turnover, excess capacity and the squeeze that will inevitably follow from frozen prices and increasing unit

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costs. The one and two-man concerns are finding it increasingly difficult to cope with the mounting volume of governmental reports they must fill out. All are complaining of higher taxes in the face of smaller volume.

Some would-be business men are doomed by their own almost incredible ignorance. In spite of existing conditions—believe it or not—3,640 new filling stations were opened up in June and July of 1942.

Wayne C. Taylor, Undersecretary of Commerce, predicted recently that 300,000 retail establishments will fail by the end of 1943 because of material shortages, government restrictions and the draft.

Louis J. Paradiso, in charge of Research and Statistics, Department of Commerce, recently testified before the Senate Small Business Committee that more than half a million small independents are in declining lines and during the first half of 1943 will see a drop of 30 percent in sales under those for the early part of 1942. Since inventories are still near the all-time high, it is simple—and painful—to imagine what is going to happen when existing stocks are depleted.

While Elmer Davis, Chief of the OWI, is unquestionably right when he contends that many small manufacturers are in hot water today because they preferred the lush profits of civilian business to the uncertain rewards of defense contracts and, as a result, were "slow to adjust to the war program and disinclined to deviate from accustomed methods," the fact remains that only 45,000 of the 169,000 small manufacturing concerns in the United States are capable of being converted to war work.

Offhand one might imagine there was a place in the war effort for each of the 28,000 metal-working plants in the country. In 1939, roughly 17,000 of these concerns employed 20 workers or less. Adequate for peacetime needs, why not for war? The reasons are not hard to seek. Where is the small plant to obtain the capital, engineering skill, materials and labor force to turn out, for example, a battleship which requires the employment of 6,000 or more workers? Or a submarine?—which requires 700 or more. Or a tank?—which requires the labor of 600 or 700 even if only one a month is built.

Whatever the merits of the claim that small business has been discriminated against by the procurement services in the awarding of contracts—and I believe there is much truth in the claim—the fact remains that the Axis will be crushed, if crushed at all, by the mass-produced, assembly-line products of the larger, not the smaller, plants. People who deny this are doing the war effort a disservice and contributing nothing to the legitimate claims of small business for relief and satisfaction. In praising the virtues of small business let us not be blind to its limitations. Advocacy of a lost cause is often good politics; it is not, however, good statesmanship.

From the earliest period of the defense program there have been soothsayers, professional and lay, who were always ready to play on the public's will-to-believe that everything would be all right, that now, finally, the creation of this-or-that new agency would be the answer to their prayers, and that if small business didn't get everything that was coming to it there would be the devil to pay until it did. When the short-lived Defense Contract Distribution Division of the OPM was established, this was the solution; when it became the Contract Distribution Service of the WPB, that was the solution; and now with the creation of the Smaller War Plants Corporation we have still a third solution. And still no solution.

On September 30 Mr. Nelson appeared before the Senate Small Business Committee and suggested the creation of a relief agency to provide for the needs of small business—a War Liabilities Adjustment Board. He gave no comfort to the soothsayers. Small enterprise must be helped to take care of overhanging liabilities; provided with post-war financing; provided with post-war technical assistance; provided in the post-war period with priorities for the acquisition of machinery and equipment. During the war, however, it must go through "an orderly liquidation rather than a forced sale."

The situation today—or better, tomorrow—is analogous in some respects to that of the depressed thirties. Then we had starvation in the midst of plenty; now we are confronted with the paradox of idle factories in the midst of a war boom.

What can be done in this situation?

Well, some things are being done to alleviate the situation of small business, and there are other things that should be and, in all probability, will be done.

Wherever possible, subcontracting should be encouraged. Much has been done during the last year; more remains to be done. Ford, Chrysler and General Motors, holders of some of the largest prime contracts, are subcontracting on an ever expanding scale. In the case of the Chrysler tank arsenal, more than 700 firms in 130 cities in 20 states are suppliers, and these suppliers, in turn, buy materials, supplies and finished goods from hundreds of other concerns. One maker of large bombing planes placed 97 subcontracts totaling a little over $1,000,000 in 1939; 597 subcontracts totaling $22,000,000 in 1940; and an estimated total of $100,000,000 in 1941. What the figure for 1942 is, one can only imagine.

In spite of the vast increase in subcontracting, much can still be done. As Bertram M. Gross, chief of Research and Hearings for the Senate Small Business Committee, pointedly remarked, many of the larger concerns are hoarders, bottleneckers and boondogglers. The hoarders have amassed huge backlogs of work that will take them years to complete, the bottleneckers have bogged down production by failing to subcontract essential items, and the boondogglers only want the

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cushy jobs although they are equipped to handle the tough ones.

Some of the more far-sighted small business men, recognizing the handwriting on the wall, early realized that they would have to band together or hang separately. Their associated and coöperative action gave rise to the production pool, of which there are a number, the most famous being the York, Pennsylvania, coöperative community plan, the Holland Plan of Kansas City and the San José Manufacturers, Inc., of California. The pooling of men, machines and materials has enabled the associated firms to assemble similar or complementary equipment, obtain the services of a methods engineer, raise enough working capital to give them financial responsibility acceptable to the procurement officers of the armed forces, obtain the services of a contract negotiator, experienced and acquainted with government procedures, and centralize management. Their bark, unfortunately, has been much greater than their bite.

To assist smaller plants not yet participating in the war production program Congress established, in July, the Smaller War Plants Corporation, with a capitalization of $150,000,000. It has the power to accept prime contracts from war procurement agencies, split them up and subcontract with small business firms for the production of the component parts; and render pools financial and technical assistance.

But even if it fulfills in all respects the hopes of the most starry-eyed, there still remains the problem of the overwhelming majority of small enterprises—those non-convertible, non-essential industries that are maintaining themselves precariously, if at all, on the drippings of the war program. What hope for them?

The screws on these industries are being tightened every day. The manpower crisis and raw-material shortages are reducing volume and turnover, and increasing costs; while prices, however, remain fixed. Add mounting taxes to existing burdens, and the result can only be failure or insolvency. Under the new Controlled Materials Plan announced early in November, essential civilian needs for steel, copper, aluminum and carbon will not be met. If essential civilian needs are to be dealt with drastically, what hope can there be for the non-essential?

Numerous civilian-goods industries—such as pottery, musical instruments, carpets, woolen and worsted, paper, boots and shoes—might continue to turn out non-war items on a part-time basis. This would represent an uneconomical use of labor urgently needed by war industries, increase unit costs because of smaller volume, and be generally opposed to the long-term interests of the firms themselves, whose working capital would be eaten up while they waited for conditions to improve. Part-time operation is therefore no solution.

Rather than straight percentage reductions for all firms, a policy of selective limitation would seem to be called for. Some firms would be closed entirely while production was concentrated in a few "nucleus" plants that would run full-time. A prima-facie case for concentration would exist where (a) the permitted civilian production is so restricted that the economical operation of all firms in the industry is impossible, (b) some or all firms in an industry needed for war production can be readily converted, and (c) a large part of civilian production is continuing in areas where there are bottlenecks in labor, transportation, power or warehouse facilities.

Naturally, industrial reorganization of such magnitude will involve numerous problems. There is the problem of compensation for closed-down firms; maintenance of trade marks and good will; rearrangement of distributive channels; standardization and simplification of products; prevention of post-war domination of an industry by one or a few firms.

British experience with concentration should be helpful in working out the details of our own program. Various schemes of concentration have been employed. They range from the merger, which alters drastically the industrial structure by fusing hitherto isolated manufacturing plants, commercial organizations and financial structures into a single, permanent concentration of ownership and production, to the loose-knit pool by which all firms in an industry join in the operation of a nucleus plant. Middle-of-the-road methods include levy and compensation, by which firms going out of business receive regular payments from nucleus firms; transfer of quotas, by which closed firms sell their periodic quotas of raw materials to the nucleus plant; and the agency agreement, whereby nucleus firms produce articles as agents of the closed firms, which buy the articles at cost and sell them to the public through accustomed channels.

In Great Britain, according to a report issued in May, 1942, 6,578 firms had been affected by concentration. Productivity has increased by the introduction of simplified "utility" models, utility clothing amounting already to approximately 75 percent of the total civilian output. Upwards of 50,000 non-food shops had closed by June, 1942, and another 100,000 may be forced out of business.

Last July the WPB formally approved the policy of concentrating the production of civilian goods. We may expect, therefore, two types of concentration of production—concentration for conversion, covering industries that are equipped to manufacture war goods, and concentration for conservation of material, manpower, power and transportation.

Thus far WPB controls have been exercised in favor of concentration for conversion; hence no question of compensation to closed plants has arisen. Concentration for conservation, however, is due to come soon. It is inevitable when a civilian industry can operate at only a little more than half-capacity.

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There will be demands, of course, to provide for the small business man in other ways—to have Congress defray minimum fixed charges and maintain costs of plant during shutdown, to make loans at favorable interest rates to plants unable to operate at a profitable level by reason of curtailed production, to grant outright subsidies. It is questionable whether the American people are ready to give every private individual a right to relief from the government for any damage suffered because of the war.

Concentration of production, on the other hand, is a species of self-help. It is rooted in the American tradition. However, it is not without dangers, perhaps the most ominous being the encouragement of monopolistic practices. The WPB's predilection for the pooling device and the agency agreement rather than the merger is an attempt to forestall post-war domination of an industry by one or a few firms. Above all, however, concentration of production is the only method in these difficult times whereby the small enterpriser can hope to save himself and, by so doing, keep to a minimum the war casualties on the home front. As such, it must be encouraged.

Washington HAROLD MAGER

Something's Happened to the Negro

THE AGGRESSIVE NEGRO SPIRIT which so sharply impressed itself on the consciousness of white America after the outbreak of war had its beginnings in the wave of Negro migrations which started in 1915. The seed of resistance and rebellion had existed in the Negro race, as in every slave race, from the dawn of its history in America. During three centuries it produced sporadic uprisings. But its growth into a militant political attitude began when the last war caused some 2,000,000 Negroes to break away from their Southern homeland and crowd in upon Northern cities which were then grinding out our first defense program and were therefore badly in need of manpower. This movement continued after the war, and a million of these Negroes went North in 1920. The automobile industry had begun to boom and special trains loaded with Negroes left Mississippi and the cotton fields for the factories around Detroit. Beside its important political and economic effects upon our national life, the Negro migration produced a rich lore, not yet fully interpreted, which gives it some elements in common with the original Exodus, the migration of the forty million Chinese Communists, the removal of the American Indian nations and the other great uprootings of peoples. For the Negroes, of course, this was their second migration. They had left one life back in the shacks and cotton fields, but also an older, forgotten life in Africa.[1]

An interesting and obvious fact about the movement is that Southern Negroes on the whole headed directly North; from Louisiana and Mississippi to Chicago and Detroit; from Alabama to the Pennsylvania industries; from Florida and the Carolinas and Georgia to Harlem. In a number of cities and states they settled in sufficient numbers to find themselves—who in the South had been denied the right to vote ever since passage of the state constitutions of the 1890's—inheritors of a numerical balance of power, or something close to it, among the various Republican and Democratic machines. Shortly after the war a number of Northern cities, Chicago, East St. Louis, Philadelphia and Washington among them, confronted for the first time with Negro populations of sizable proportions, forgot their historic piety on the race question and precipitated bloody riots among the Negroes. The Negro found himself, rather suddenly, swaying municipal and state elections, sending his first Representative to Congress after thirty years, adjusting his rustic habits to city and factory work and to the tempo of life in teeming black ghettos; getting organized by his own politicians, and alternately being courted or pushed around by white ones; and experiencing riots just as he had during the Populist elections of the 1890's and later in the South. It was during this time that the Negro press had its real beginning. The white press was sealed air-tight against Negro news this side of the

[1] Earlier there had been smaller migrations of American Negroes. In the 1890's the labor supply of a number of Mississippi and Arkansas counties was depleted by a movement to Kansas, instigated by the railroads. Southern representatives of course initiated a congressional investigation. Its report describes fantastic stories of the Kansas promised land which circulated among the Southern Negroes. These stories grew out of the enticements circulated by the railroad agents. A close parallel between the Negro migrations and the restlessness of the Russian peasantry of the Napoleonic period is seen in a significant passage in "War and Peace." Tolstoy speaks of the obscure rumors that were always current among the peasants, a trait of character dismissed by the landowners as "boorishness"; rumors that they would all be made into Cossacks; or converted to a new religion; or that Napoleon was either the Antichrist or the messenger of "pure freedom." "There were few resident landlords in the neighborhood and also very few domestic or literate serfs, and in the lives of the peasantry of those parts the mysterious undercurrents in the life of the Russian people, the causes and meanings of which are so baffling to contemporaries, were more clearly and strongly noticeable than among others. One instance, which had occurred some twenty years before, was a movement among the peasants to emigrate to some unknown 'warm rivers.' Hundreds of peasants suddenly began selling their cattle and moving in whole families toward the southeast." Tolstoy's landowners and Southern landowners both see "characteristic traits," "boorishness" and "mysterious undercurrents" in a restlessness which inevitably affects the ignorant masses of serfs during a tumultuous period. Certainly Tolstoy's landowner, the old prince Bolkonsky, considered a field serf just as primitive as a Mississippi Delta planter does a "field nigger." It is the Russian peasantry, trained to the highest skill, functioning with morale and discipline, which has stopped the Nazi armies.

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sensational, and the white community air-tight against the Negro ghettos. The Negro press came into being to speak to and for Negroes. When the conditions which produced it disappear, the Negro press will disappear. In the meantime it will be a race press, which should be a surprise to no one. It is subject to all the chicanery, to all the techniques of politics, angled news and special pleading, that the white press is subject to, including the Roy Howard interests that pay for Westbrook Pegler. The sins of the Negro press will always be glaring to the white critic, and its virtues largely invisible, because the white man can rarely induce himself to look at the order of things from the Negro point of view. To "warn" the Negroes is easier.

It was during the period 1915-20 that the Negro found his voice of protest and began to develop the aggressiveness which now—to the alarm of many white people who have been jolted from their stereotyped thinking about the Negro—shows revolutionary overtones; revolutionary *not* against the Constitution, but against the great mass of legal and extra-legal Jim Crow practices that have shut him off from many rights that the Constitution grants him. The Negro's newspapers and leaders have protested these practices for many years. What a white correspondent has written me from Baltimore is certainly true: "I was reading the Negro press fifteen years ago and it was saying roughly the same things then that it says now." For many years in the South I have heard white people speak vehemently against The Pittsburgh Courier and The Chicago Defender and other Negro newspapers which occasionally came to their attention. There is a passage in "Lanterns on the Levee," by the Mississippi planter-lawyer, Will Percy, in which he speaks resentfully of The Courier's accusation, made during the Mississippi flood of 1927, that Percy discriminated against Negroes in his administration of Red Cross supplies. Protest, furthermore—or perhaps it could even be called racism—has always been the stock in trade of the Negro's leaders and politicians with few exceptions. This, of course, was inevitable.

This political aggressiveness, ideologically little different from what it has been for twenty years, has reached a new intensity during the war. Our war aims of universal freedoms, and our heavy reliance upon our sources of democratic strength have thrown into glaring outline the fact that we have an unsettled debt with the Negro. He constitutes one-tenth of our nation, yet we have never integrated him into our national life. He was too black, too conspicuous. He excited our tribal fears. He came here not with letters of credit, not with a European immigrant's thrifty savings, but as an uncouth slave. Thirteen million new Irishmen or Germans—white men exhibiting only the difference of accent or language—could be scattered among us in a generation or sooner. But not the Negro. And it would have been the same if a glaringly white race had been brought as slaves into a civilized nation of blacks. But the Negro has been living here now for centuries. The last cargo of slaves was discharged before the ancestors of most Americans started for America on the tides of European immigration. It has been eighty years since he was freed from slavery. He has matured. He is at home in this white land and white culture to which he came a captive. The English language is his as much as anyone's. He has made his contributions. His maturity developed of itself, against the resistance of his very unfavorable history in this country. Where given education and opportunity, he has used them as well as any race could under the same conditions. Where denied them, he has been ignorant, shiftless and a social failure—the universal result of such denial. He has been here so long; but still he is cut off from our life. In the South discrimination is more spectacular, but in the North it is almost as effective. He cannot move into our apartment houses. He cannot go into a white business. When he attempts to get into industrial work, there are unwritten bars against him, and he is kept from advancement into the higher skills. He pays exorbitant rent. When he sees a Negro in the movies or the magazines, it is usually the portrayal of a servile moron with a simple oafishness the Negro has outgrown for some time now, and which was a technique for getting along with the white man to begin with. He can ride the subways and pay his way into many places if he has the fare. Yet one of the great artists of modern times, Marion Anderson, is snubbed by a group of vain women the majority of whom are idle and accomplished at nothing.

And then there is the South; the Negro's utter cleavage from the white world, from political power, from representation and self-government. The incidents of individual violence—a lynching, the beating of Roland Hayes in Georgia—are given sensational treatment in the Negro press and by his spokesmen. But these are incidents; points of focus. It is the whole vast tapestry of ostracism, of hostility, of double rules and standards, which accounts for the rebelliousness and cynicism of the Negro group today. A significant fact is that this point of view is as general among Negroes in the Southern cities and in many of the rural areas as it is in the North. I believe a recent poll of The Pittsburgh Courier can be accepted as a responsible statement. The question was "Do you approve of the crusade which the Negro press is conducting for full integration of the race into the life of America?" The answers averaged 92.2 percent yes. The Southern answers were less than one percent lower.

In a sense, it is 1776 for the Negro. Perhaps a more accurate analogy is 1789. I do not mean that Negroes contemplate violence or sedition; but they have launched a spiritual revolution. It is true of course that one may find thousands, or hundreds of thousands, who have not been touched by it. But that is

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true of all movements. The passion exists in the leaders and the volatile spirits. As in America and France in that period of history, the rebellious writings and speeches of the leaders and intellectuals have finally fermented through the masses, and have set their tone. Some time ago—in 1922—the Negro poet Claude McKaye was writing:

> If we must die, let it not be like hogs
> Hunted and penned in an inglorious spot . . .
> Like men we'll face the murderous cowardly pack
> Pressed to the wall, dying, but fighting back!

Now this sentiment has passed from poetry into political speeches. A. Philip Randolph, president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, made a speech when the March-on-Washington Movement was being organized many months ago. "Rather that we die standing upon our feet fighting for our rights than to exist upon our knees begging for life." The march was called off when the President issued Executive Order 8802 against discrimination in war industries. A spring meeting of the March-on-Washington Committee will be held shortly. Randolph has announced he is considering recommending the technique of non-violent civil disobedience for Negroes as a protest against Jim Crow. A Negro who knows this whole background thoroughly expressed the opinion that Randolph—whose labor record is excellent—is undoubtedly acting from personal sincerity and integrity, but that "someone has talked him into the idea that he is a kind of Gandhi of the Negroes." The Courier, in a smoldering editorial, accused Randolph of "the most dangerous demagoguery on record." The editorial said "we would be much more alarmed by the latest Randolph bid for leadership, if we were not aware of the sound judgment and cynical sense of humor of the masses of colored people."

Does it mean anything to white Americans that a powerful Negro leader is toying with a revolutionary technique developed by the colored peoples of India? Apparently not. One answer to Randolph, of course, is the British answer to Gandhi and Nehru; tories understand nothing and believe only in the force which they grow increasingly too feeble to use with safety. The real answer to Randolph is to *begin* the integration of the Negro into our national life. Randolph exists, like the Negro press, because thirteen million Americans, after all these years, still constitute a sharply defined and abused minority. No one, not even the Negroes, expects a miracle of enlightenment to transform America overnight. An honest beginning is what is possible; and what they want. Even with Jim Crowism, they would be enthusiastic about the war, if they had reason to believe it was the beginning of the end of their long existence as pariahs. What sticks in their throats like a great, bitter lump is the feeling that reactionary white forces, especially the dominant Southern group in Washington, would prefer to stalemate this war in defense of democracy, rather than win a clear-cut victory, if victory required total coöperation by the Negro and therefore fundamental revision of the white-supremacy pattern of Southern life, and of its less obvious counterpart in the North. The answer to the Negro's revolutionary spirit is to show him that this is not true, to make at least a beginning. Instead of doing this, the deplorable decision is taken in Washington to call off the Fair Employment Practice Committee hearing into the flagrant discrimination against Negro firemen on American railroads. In permitting this development, the President listened to bad advisers. The "King's Ear," as Walton Hamilton observes, has become once more of paramount importance. It is hard to blame a harried and overworked king for the bad advice he gets. But he should never have given his ear to the group of Southerners in Washington whose theme song is hush-hush and never-never. This FEPC hearing was important to 13,000,000 Americans. What an honest hearing could have done to combat the Randolphs, no OWI sermon will ever do.

Does it seem unimportant to white Americans that Negroes—still shut out of our national life—are watching with contemplative eyes what the colored races of the world are doing? Here is a passage from Richard Wright's essay, "How 'Bigger' Was Born," published in The Saturday Review of Literature, June 1, 1940 (while the German-Soviet pact was in force):

> I've even heard Negroes, in moments of anger and bitterness, praise what Japan is doing in China, not because they believed in oppression (being objects of oppression themselves), but because they would suddenly sense how empty their lives were when looking at the dark faces of Japanese generals in the rotogravure supplements of the Sunday newspapers. They would dream of what it would be like to live in a country where they could forget their color and play a responsible role in the vital processes of the nation's life.
>
> I've even heard Negroes say that maybe Hitler and Mussolini are all right; that maybe Stalin is all right. They did not say this out of any intellectual comprehension of the forces at work in the world, but because they felt that these men "did things," a phrase which is charged with more meaning than the mere words imply.

I think now of the Negro I talked with two months ago in Alabama, a college graduate. I said that Hitler considered the Negro a near-ape and, had he won the war, would have thrust the black man back into slavery or would have exterminated him. His answer was not pro-Hitler so much as it was the answer of a confused Negro: "Well, that's what they [the whites] say, but I don't know. He plays practical politics and he would need the Negro badly if he came over here."

While we continued upon our placid way, shipping oil and scrap iron to the Japanese, permitting the Bilbo gang to filibuster the anti-lynching bill, the Japanese for ten years were opening suki-yaki joints in our Negro

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districts. It was a technique they used to exploit the race angle in the Philippines and throughout the Pacific area, and which made their early victories so easy. There was a place in Harlem where one could buy a *good* suki-yaki dinner for thirty-five cents. And there was more than one Japanese who worked up and down Harlem seeking to ingratiate himself with Negroes. And there was the Japanese who went to the Negro author to have this author's book on lynching autographed. Most of the bibliography had been checked off. "You see," said the Japanese, "everything you have read about lynching, I have read. Except two books." Later, an edition of the book, with a lurid, illustrated cover, appeared in Japanese in Tokyo. Our Negrophobes from the South, abetted by certain hypocrites from the North, have worked hard to keep 13,000,000 Americans isolated from our own community and to prepare them for Japanese propaganda. The Negro has remained loyal, if no longer on the whole enthusiastic. Even so, his enthusiasm is scarcely less than that of the McCormick-Patterson axis, which constitutes a sizable section of the white press. Negroes, a tenth of the nation, represented 16 percent of the total enlistments. Even taking account of the proportionately larger attraction of army pay for a low-income group, the size of this enlistment cannot be shrugged off. And the Negro press has given hard-hitting support to the war.

But support of the war does not mean that the Negro's leading journalists have adopted a yas-boss attitude about our policy toward the Japanese in this country. In a Jap, they see also a man of color. When they believe that color has entered into our treatment of him they speak out. It would take a real Negrophobe mentality to fail to see that a completely loyal Negro could nevertheless resent discrimination against a Japanese. Here is a paragraph from George Schuyler's column in The Courier for January 23:

> A high-water mark in hypocrisy was reached in Washington last week when a Senate subcommittee was directed to investigate alleged "pampering" of Japanese-American citizens in concentration camps. Western Senators are "going to town" on baiting these hapless citizens who had the gall to have Japanese parents. The horrible rumor had been circulated that these pariahs are wasting government rations, that some of them are pro-Axis and that their children are having schools built for them! Meanwhile, restrictions on white Axis aliens are relaxed and white citizens of German and Italian ancestry are unmolested. Of course, no racial prejudice is involved!

That is a tough one to answer, because there isn't any answer. The tories, who by definition are incapable of political and moral self-analysis penetrating enough to matter, have an answer: the dominant group is always right. The dominant group is always right. Except sometimes it isn't.

A number of the Negro's leaders, responsible men who are the first to slug a wild suggestion like Randolph's civil-disobedience idea, nevertheless are trying to talk the Negro out of his characteristic habit of "taking it." And here again these men have observed the Japanese. Again, they are not in the remotest sense traitors, unless self-defense is treachery. They are mature, tough-minded, thinking Negroes, a type the white American community might do well to become aware of; a type which makes the FEPC cancellation a mistake, in a sense too simple to be understood by the overly subtle men responsible for it. One such Negro newspaperman sent me a Scripps-Howard story describing trouble in the Japanese relocation center at Denson, Arkansas. One incident involved a white engineer (narrator of the story) who said he told a Japanese evacué truck-driver to move his truck so he could get past. "When he didn't do it, I got out to see what was the matter and two other Jap truck drivers loaded with evacués cornered our truck. They jumped out of the truck and began yelling, 'Kill them, kill them. . . .'" I have seen these incidents in the South. Ten years ago, as a college student, I was involved in one. It is the white man's arrogant demand of the right of way which generally provokes them. The Japanese incident might have been an exception to this, but I doubt it.

The clipping describing this incident was sent in a letter commenting upon an article I had written warning the Negro that violence would never be a solution to his problems. This correspondent stressed the difference between aggressive and defensive violence:

> Isn't there a relationship for you between the fact that the Negro rarely fights against odds and the general disposition to victimize him? The Japanese, regardless of odds, fights back. The other fellow always knows that he is going to get some hurt. That was true on the Pacific Coast in peacetime. I enclose herewith an article from Memphis describing conditions at the Japanese relocation center in Arkansas. You know what is happening. The whites in Arkansas are making the mistake of treating the Japanese as though they were yellow Negroes. The Japanese don't go for that. There is evidenced in the article the same tendency to pile up blame on the Japanese that is always followed where Negroes are involved. But you can bet your bottom dollar that after a few brushes, these Arkansas whites are going to steer clear of these Japanese, regardless of how few they are. They are not going to like them, but they are going to respect them because they know that if some of the Japanese are hurt, *they* are going to be hurt.

Some fifty years ago a white man in the South wrote a letter saying this. It is a great letter. It says more about the South and the Negro than many entire books. There are men in Washington today who ought to read it. Its author was John S. Bassett, a young Southerner, well trained at Johns Hopkins in the heyday of its greatness, who returned to the South to start his teaching career at Trinity College, Durham, North

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Carolina. He ran right into the race turmoil that grew out of the Populist elections in North Carolina in the nineties and led to the disfranchisement election which Bassett describes in the letter. This was the same Bassett who was later attacked by Josephus Daniels for his praise of Booker T. Washington. Bassett stood North Carolina for a while, then moved to Northampton, Massachusetts, to accept a professorship at Smith College. He became a leading historian. The letter was written in 1898 to his former teacher, Herbert B. Adams, chairman of the Department of History at Johns Hopkins.[1] Although this background deals with a man now dead, and the letter with a past era, I believe both have a deep significance when read in the light of what is happening today:

As to the election, I might write you a whole book. We are crowing down here like children because we have settled the negro question. We don't see that we have not settled it by half. At best we have only postponed it. We have used a great deal of intimidation and a great deal of fraud, I fear; although it is hard to get information about the latter. I do not have the honor to agree with most of my fellow Anglo Saxons on the negro question. There are three things at least which we may do with the negro in politics: (1) We may swallow him, nauseating as the dose is; & we may thus submit to the small evils that may come from giving him a vote & an occasional office. (2) We may adopt an educational qualification honestly administered. (3) We may resort to fraud & force to keep him out of office. Of these methods the last is the worst, the second is the best. It is the last that we have adopted. The campaign has been one of passion. It has raised political ideals which 20 yrs. of wise rule will not lay. It has created a state of insecurity for property in the east that is most unfortunate for business. It has ended in a riot at Wilmington—justifiable at no point—a riot directly due to the "white man's campaign." After the election was carried—and the county which had a large negro majority went democratic by a large majority—the negroes were quiet. They were really cowed. The whites realized that they controlled the Legislature. They organized a mob. The leader was a lawyer, an ex-Congressman, a campaign speaker. They went down to destroy the printing office of a negro on account of an offence committed 4 months ago —an offence which is after all a mere statement of opinion. The press was destroyed—& the office set on fire. This was the initial action of the riot. The negroes made no resistance. In a negro quarter in the suburbs some armed white men met some negroes standing on the street. There was no claim that the negroes were doing wrong. They were order(ed) to disperse. They refused. They were fired into. It was claimed they fired first. I don't think many white people who understand things in the state believe the charge. After this the riot was well on. About a dozen negroes were killed—almost as many more were seriously wounded. It is now said 21 will die. The republican city government to quiet matters resigned & put in Democrats. They showed a yielding spirit. The first act of the new govt. was to elect the leader of the mob Mayor of the town. He who had just led a mob issues a proclamation commanding that "all further violence" shall stop. If he had any sense of humor he must have split his undergarments laughing at his own joke. This whole thing was not necessary because in 2 months the democratic Legislature will meet & can & will change affairs in Wilmington. You must not be led astray by what you see about negro rule in N. C. If you were to come to N. C. & talk with the leading citizens—white democrats—you would hear a good deal of talk in a general way about the rule of the negro. When this campaign started I had not heard anything about the evils of negro rule. I took pains to ask about it from many sources—reliable it seemed to me. I learned that in some of the negro counties there were some negro magistrates—a very few county commissioners, & some school committeemen. In no case did I hear that they disposed to abuse the privilege. They were reported not to be self-assertive & as a rule presided over courts in company with white men. They were disposed to be guided in their action by the advice of white men. They were reported to be quiet. The democratic press opened up on the negro question. Considering the violence of its attack it seems to me the negro has acted admirably. Vilified, abused, denounced as the unclean thing, he has kept his peace; he has been patient. He has borne what no other people in history have borne. He has done it largely because he is a coward in the presence of white men.

Since the election is over there is some reaction of opinion against the violence and passion of the past few days; but the great majority of people are in support of all that has been done. The democratic press approves of it openly so far as I can see—you must know that there is not a daily paper in the State that is not Democratic. I have tried down in my portion of the vineyard to cause men to think. I have spoken as clearly as a teacher ought to speak on a partisan question; but I have had but little effect. I am going on in my way. But there is not much hope that I shall be able to reform the State. What would you do to meet the disease if you were the physician? Tell it not in Gath—but do you know, the white man will continue to run over the negro until the negro learns how to defend himself. If about 25 white men were dead as the result of the Wilmington riot the whites would be a little more careful of how they go into a race riot there again. As long as the negro question is in politics so long will these things occur.

Today the Negro stands on the porch and knocks on the door. He clutches the receipts for three centuries of slave labor for which our fathers never paid him. "Let me come in," he asks. "Let me sit by the fire and join the talk. I helped to build this house." There are some men who slam the door with a curse. There are others who send him around to the rear for a handout of old clothes and leftovers in a paper sack. "I am your friend," they tell him. "My father never abused you and neither do I. After the war I will find a way to help you. Go back to the cabins and tell them to sing." The Negro turns away in bitterness.

THOMAS SANCTON

This is the first of two articles. – THE EDITORS

[1] Historical Scholarship in the United States, 1876-1901; as Revealed in the Correspondence of Herbert B. Adams. (Baltimore, 1938).

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Washington Notes

The Price-Control Problem

THE PRICE DOG'S pursuit of his own tail started all over again with the announcement of Prentiss Brown, upon taking over the Office of Price Administration from Leon Henderson, that he expected the cost of living to ease upward about one-half of one percent a month, or six percent in the course of the next year. Even if Brown expected price controls to slip this much, it was injudicious of him to say so. Like Henderson before him, Brown should regard any price increase as the measure of his own failure. If at the end of a year he has permitted the price index to rise only six percent, then he can look at his failure and congratulate himself because it wasn't worse.

But by giving himself a six-percent handicap to start with, he invited just what happened. Labor leaders started talking about a campaign to achieve wage increases sufficient to compensate for past and future increases in the cost of living. Members of the War Labor Board were asked to consider a modification of the so-called Little Steel formula, which, in effect, clamped a lid on wages at a level 15 percent higher than that of January, 1941.

Thereupon, members of the congressional farm bloc, who had been threatening to starve out the OPA by refusing it further appropriations unless it permitted farm prices to seek a higher level, pointed accusing fingers at labor for starting an inflationary cycle. The reactionary press, which had been fighting the President's $25,000-income-limitation plan, likewise put the finger on labor.

The resulting turmoil was classic: the farmers wanted wages controlled but not farm prices; labor wanted farm prices controlled but not wages; capital wanted wages and farm prices controlled but not profits or salaries. However, the facts showed, first of all, that all parties to the argument are better off than they were before the war. Labor is more fully employed and at better real wages than it got before Pearl Harbor. Agriculture's income last year was the highest in history and this year will go higher. Corporation profits were four times higher last year than they were in their best pre-war year. Taxes have bitten into the incomes of all these classes but still not enough to cut them, as classes, below their pre-war nets.

If it is the accepted object of wartime control to hold the balance among the various economic classes where they were before the war, then any analysis of the figures must show that owners of corporations have profited the most from the war so far, to the disadvantage of everyone else, that the farmers come second as war profiteers and that labor comes last. Corporation profits rose to $20,000,000,000 last year as compared with $5,300,000,000 in 1939. Since January, 1941, base date of the Little Steel formula, the cost of living has risen 21 percent, food costs leading the rise. During the same period, no worker has been allowed to improve his income more than 15 percent. So labor, if anyone, is holding the bag.

But there are, of course, wheels within these wheels. Farm income is badly distributed. A hog's share of last year's big farm income went to a relatively few corporate and plantation farmers. Thousands of tenants and sharecroppers were worse off than ever, because their own incomes did not keep pace with the prices of what they had to buy at the store. Similarly, thousands of unorganized workers got no part of the 15-percent raise they were entitled to under the Little Steel formula, which applied only to union contract wages. The wages-and-hours law protected rock-bottom minima for only a part of the nation's unorganized workers. The Farm Security Administration could reach only a small proportion of the poor farmers.

Moreover, the assumption that the government in wartime can content itself with preservation of the pre-war balance is subject to challenge. At a time when America is faced with labor and food shortages and needs every productive hand, it also needs to break through the old balance to keep these hands strong. To do this it must increase the share of submerged workers, both factory and farm. These must be subsidized out of the share previously taken by the more fortunate. The people who need it most cannot be benefited by a general merry-go-round of increases.

Yet this method is favored by the most articulate members of Congress, who probably speak at the moment for the majority, and may be adopted in the end despite the best efforts of the administration. To many congressmen, restoration of a free price system, even in wartime, is synonymous with restoration of freedom and the American way. One can open the files of The Congressional Record almost at random and find an argument for it sandwiched in between the anti-administration diatribes of Fish, Cox, Rankin, Hoffman, Tydings and Byrd.

What happened behind the scenes after Brown fixed his six-percent goal was fairly encouraging. Members of the WLB intimated that a substantial increase in farm prices would leave them no alternative but to consider relaxation of the Little Steel formula. Thereupon James F. Byrnes, Economic Stabilization Director, had a talk with public members of the board and told them to hold everything. Then he had a talk with Brown and told him the same thing. It became apparent from his activity that Byrnes would make a desperate effort to hold both prices and wages at substantially their present levels.

Barring interference from Congress, he may possibly succeed. But to keep Congress in line appears at this moment a hopeless enterprise.

When the lid blows off, labor will suffer worst. Farmers could now turn the law of supply and demand into a paying thing. Congress can always be depended upon to protect the corporation owners when on its own. But labor, for all its organized strength, will have to fall back on its strike weapon to keep up with a free price movement, and in wartime use of this weapon would be dangerous and perhaps disastrous. Enlightened labor leaders realize this. That is why they have supported the Little Steel formula, even though it is less than a bonanza to their people. They might choose to leave well enough alone, even if prices slip as much as Brown expects them to, but for the ominous shadow John L. Lewis is casting on their position. He has been sniping at the WLB and its wage formula for a long time and now sees an opportunity to exploit his opposition to the glory of his own sagging prestige.

Washington T. R. B.

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News of Science

THE CALL from the army and navy for 4,000,000 pints of blood from volunteer donors during this twelve-month period inevitably draws public attention to a new medical weapon which is proving to be of incalculable value both in war and at home. This weapon is human plasma used in the treatment of severe injuries.

Public attention is focused on this discovery for the very good reason that human plasma must come from people—thousands of people—who are willing to take time and go through mild inconvenience to supply the blood from which plasma comes. Never before has it been so important, therefore, for a method of therapy to have the sympathetic understanding of the public. It should be obvious by now that the need for a steady supply of volunteer donors is very great. Back of the current campaign and the ballyhoo are a few simple facts that explain how urgent it is.

To get the story straight it must be understood first that plasma is the fluid element in whole blood. When this fluid is separated from the blood cells it has no type; can be given to anyone; and can be preserved for years. Since conditions which require transfusion call essentially for fluid to replace lost blood volume in the circulation, plasma can be used just as effectively as whole blood, and more easily.

To realize the importance of this discovery it is only necessary to remember that a few years ago a patient who needed a transfusion had to get it from relatives or friends whose blood was of the same "type" as his; or from a professional donor, at a fancy price. It was an awkward, expensive business at best, involving direct transfusion from donor to patient; and it was often too late.

During the last war attempts were made by American medical officers to transport stored blood to the front. One of them even suggested the use of plasma to obviate the need of typing casualties and finding suitable blood for them. No one listened to this wild idea at the time. Later there were experiments in the use of plasma from convalescents for treatment of certain infections. And we heard vaguely that the Russians had succeeded in using stored and cadaveric blood on a large scale. This was during one of Russia's less stylish periods and no one paid much attention.

The work of scattered research men was beginning to bear results, however, when the call came from Great Britain for blood plasma in quantity during the early stages of this war. By the time we entered the struggle the American Red Cross was already drawing blood from civilians for processing into plasma for our armed forces.

This processing, which is done at commercial laboratories, preserves plasma in three states: wet, frozen and dried. At present the use of plasma's most potent fraction, human serum albumin, for emergency treatment where plasma is not immediately available, is in the experimental stage. What is proved is that the efficacy of treatment depends upon the promptness with which casualties can be protected from further trauma and its most dread complication—shock. For this plasma, and only plasma, can prevent fatalities.

The kind of shock that the surgeon at the front is talking about follows severe injuries, burns, extensive operations and hemorrhage. The patient goes cold, sweats profusely, has a weak, erratic pulse and, finally, rapidly falling blood pressure. The essence of treatment is prevention; to forestall the fatal fall in pressure and restore circulation. To do this, fluid must be gotten into the veins quickly. An injection of glucose results in only transient effects. But give a man threatened with shock 1,000 cc's of plasma and the effect is dramatic. He is warmed. His color returns. His heart picks up a normal beat and he regains his will to live. One naval medical officer puts it unequivocally: "Shock properly understood and treated in anticipation rather than in retrospect with the blood and plasma now at hand need no longer be feared by the military surgeon as war's greatest killer."

It becomes clear then why the army and navy need donors in large numbers. They do not expect to have four million casualties. Far from it. But, they explain, they must supply every fighting front adequately rather than risk running short. And, since it often takes two to four, or even more donors, to supply enough plasma for just one patient, the collection of blood has to be on a large scale. Moreover, a single patient often requires many transfusions. In cases like the terrible burns sustained by the survivors of the recent Boston night-club fire, as much as 4,000 cc's, or the plasma from 16 donors, was used to save some victims.

This tragedy points up the civilian aspects of plasma therapy. All serious accident cases are likely to go into shock. Heretofore, the injured in highway accidents, for instance, were rushed to a hospital and treated if they survived. With modern portable transfusion kits available, treatment can be started at the site of accident. Such kits, designed to meet war needs, must inevitably become standard equipment in ambulances, fire-houses, factories, forest stations. It takes no enthusiast to see the possible saving in lives.

Some less dramatic indications for plasma are hemophilia and protein starvation. In this day of mass starvation the knowledge that plasma can relieve acute cases is particularly significant. It may point the way to saving many starving Chinese or Greek children, say, if some way of implementing this discovery is worked out as part of the United Nations' program to feed the world. And, to return to war wounded, it seems reasonable to hope that as men are saved from the worst effects of physical injury by early transfusion they may also be spared the chain of nervous reactions which usually follow severe trauma. The psychiatrists as well as the surgeons may have reason to be thankful for plasma therapy.

Time will answer such speculations. It must be sufficient here to state the proved benefits and the greater need of a peacetime as well as wartime army of volunteer donors. It is composed of people of all races, colors, strata. Labor unions, congregations, clubs and stray individuals constantly increase its numbers. It may, one hopes, eliminate the professional blood donor altogether. And on its coöperation the success of the plasma program depends. It is only possible to enlist such an army if its members understand the work in which they participate. After all, giving blood is a personal matter requiring spirit and an enlightened attitude toward medicine.

In trying to foster such an attitude among a wide public, doctors may be going further than they realize in breaking

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traditional barriers between themselves and laymen. The doctor who asks for blood from a layman recognizes at least that there is common ground between them. On that ground we must hope for a sounder working relationship between the profession and the public after the war.

The success of the present campaign is heartening. Donations of blood for the army and navy are now approaching 50,000 pints a week. From this blood, taken at Red Cross stations throughout the country, emergency supplies of plasma are distributed to hospitals for disaster relief under auspices of the OCD. In addition the army has four centers where blood collected by the Red Cross is processed and allocated to army camps in this country. The Red Cross donor center in Washington is staffed by army and navy medical officers who supervise the drawing of blood there and carry on a number of related research problems. On the Pacific Coast, in addition to Red Cross procurement, a unique peacetime institution, the Irwin Memorial Blood Bank, set up on a coöperative, non-profit basis by the San Francisco County Medical Society, not only serves as a bank for fresh blood for hospitals in that area but makes quantities of plasma for civilian and military needs.

The achievements of plasma therapy are already remarkable; and they promise much for the world of tomorrow. Today their significance for victory may be very great. For the more fighters we can keep whole the sooner we shall win.

In this department, which appears at irregular intervals, we report on significant recent developments in science. – THE EDITORS

Hitchcock in Stride

"SHADOW OF A DOUBT" has a good deal of the peculiar, almost revolting emotion movie director Alfred Hitchcock tries to capture by suggesting that the most ordinary circumstance may turn up something sinister—the census takers at your door may be part of a widespread plot, the next time you cross the street somebody may push you in front of a truck. Hitchcock threatens your very possible world with the impossible so often in this movie that at the end, in addition to the emotion mentioned, you are not sure of anything.

This feeling of ambiguity is introduced immediately, though obscurely, after some accompanying music has worked the "Merry Widow Waltz" into a terrifyingly psychotic state and Joseph Cotten is seen wondering if the two men outside have anything on him. Mr. Hitchcock has contrived to give them the vague air that may belong either to gangsters, Nazi spies or murderers, just as undefined in activity and character and mission as Cotten himself. So that, as Cotten slowly unwinds himself, leaves the house and walks toward them, you expect something catastrophic. Later Cotten takes his questionable identity to Santa Rosa, California, to visit his sister Emmy's family. Here he arouses progressive feelings in Emmy's daughter, Teresa Wright, of adoration, hope, perplexity, doubt, fear and terror, and an appreciable amount in you.

The movie depends largely on the ability of Joseph Cotten to project horror within his passive, old-world-gentlemanlike behavior, and on Teresa Wright's giving her role the eerie, half-suspended disquiet of adolescence. But there is often an unfocused quality in their acting, especially Cotten's, which loosens the tension a good deal, though Miss Wright has two lyrical love passages, one mystic and latent with Cotten, the other awakening with Macdonald Carey, in which her beautiful projection of the innocent's perceptiveness and terrible unguardedness creates much the same feeling as do Elizabeth Bowen's heroines. In contrast to the two leads, Patricia Collinge gives a sharp, clear tenseness to a character less important in the action. Since she has this ability, however, her performance tightens many of the scenes, and she can turn on that abrupt, bubbling laugh as often as she wants to for me. The young upright American that Carey portrays lacks the prettiness the role usually gets and has instead a restrained, believable sensitiveness; and though Cotten is quite slow and rather awkward, he does have a rich, ingeniously used voice.

Unfortunately, Mr. Hitchcock's people here tend to resemble figures on a Saturday Evening Post cover or actors in a stock-company production of Tarkington. Not that they are made silly or have to say silly things; but rather that the treatment of the family and friends is corny and superficial, lacking insight and seriousness. They are homespun, clean, gentle people, but they do nothing, say nothing and inflict nothing that is telling. His comic characters, Pa and Joe, the detective-story fans, are disappointingly obvious and a long way from the satirical sketches of the English days. What flavor they have—and especially the children—comes probably from Sally Benson and Thornton Wilder, the writers. There is one odious, moral bit with what is supposed to be the American high-school girl gone bad—fallen to waiting on tavern tables.

The direction of the people in an environment is more like it. In photography (Joe Valentine), pace, costume, everything is very unlike Hollywood and more like Santa Rosa, California. It is Hitchcock's ability to make these scenes—the street, the library at night, people strolling in warm California evenings and on the lawn before Sunday dinner, the family meeting the train—seem so real that it is like the unaware awareness of living. His English movies always had some of the most perceptive, unglossed photography anywhere, and here he took his company away from the studio on one of those unheard-of, breath-takingly pioneer excursions by Hollywood into an American town.

Hitchcock has adapted Orson Welles's realistic dialogue techniques—the three-dimensional kind where a voice floats on and on from somewhere else while the people on the screen are talking, and the incoherencies of several conversations going at the same time—so expertly that it fills in for some lack of event.

Hitchcock shows here that sensationalism is not necessary to every part of a movie if the details of ordinary activity are examined for their fullest suggestiveness. His most expressive moments are the sudden switches in emotion in midstride of an activity: the abrupt change in the pace of a walk or the tone of a voice, the sudden hurrying of people into position. As a result he is producing movies of high quality. As for his famous horror and suspense, they are here, and better than in any other of his American movies so far.

MANNY FARBER

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The Bandwagon

If anyone doubts the sincerity of our love for Russia, let me say that every Catholic priest in the world daily says prayers for Russia—and that is more than the Communists do. – *From a radio address by Mgr. Fulton J. Sheen as reported in PM.*

We regret that this application cannot be approved. The requirements of direct war production make it imperative to conserve critical material. The construction described in your application should be deferred for the duration of the war. – *The WPB, refusing a request from Larchmont, N. Y., for ninety-seven feet of wire for an air-raid siren, as reported in The New York Herald Tribune.*

Miss Hansen, slim, gray-eyed, blonde and 17, denied she was filmstruck and had pursued Flynn in the hope of obtaining a movie role. "The only ambition I have is to fly," she said. – *From a report of the trial of Errol Flynn in The New York Post.*

Equality

As the question of segregation on street cars keeps bobbing up, may I suggest that present arrangements are not so discriminatory, for the colored people ride the rear end of the street car going into town, and the white people ride that same end leaving town except cars that go round a loop. – *From a letter in The Dallas News.*

What Paper D'ya Read?

His favorite chair at home is a salmon pink armchair that was built to his order by a large New York furniture company. It stands to one side of the Willkie fireplace, and before dinner Willkie frequently takes a little doze in it while reading the evening papers. – *From the magazine section of The Charleston, W. Va., Daily Mail.*

Total-War Department

The "Blue Tin" Enlists . . . The new Edgeworth Seal-Pak Carries On! – *Advertisement of Edgeworth Tobacco in Time.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

The Subsistence Level

SIR: I have seen so many references to the term "subsistence level" in articles in your magazine and in the newspapers that I wonder if you could tell me just what the subsistence level is in monetary terms as of, say, June, 1942.

Most opinions on taxing income for revenue or inflation prevention agree that taxes should not be imposed on incomes below the subsistence level. To my hunch or notion, the $500 exemption as proposed in the Senate and House Finance Committees on individual incomes for the 1942 Revenue Act is below the present subsistence level. About five years ago, I believe the subsistence level income was estimated at about $1,200. How could this level increase in view of the inflation that has followed in price and wages during the intervening period?

I grant that "subsistence" is rather an elusive term because of its interrelationship with "cost of living" and "standard of living" and "real and money income." However, I would like some explanation of just how the subsistence level might be arbitrarily determined and what you might say it is today.

Seattle, Wash. W. C. DUDLEY

[Material about the subsistence level of living is rather complicated. The United States Department of Labor has not prepared a family budget in the sense of a plan of subsistence since 1919. One could apply an index of the cost of living to the subsistence budget issued by the Labor Department at that time, but the result would not be very realistic because customs of family expenditures have changed markedly in the intervening period.

The best approach is probably the family budget devised by the WPA in 1935. This is made up of a list of goods and services needed by a four-person family of an unskilled manual worker at the "maintenance level." The "maintenance level" is described as above the "minimum of subsistence level" or "emergency level" of relief budgets, but below the standard of the skilled worker. It is stated that it does not "approach the content of what may be considered a satisfactory American standard of living."

The family in question is not supposed to employ any household help, to live in a four or five-room house or apartment with indoor bath and toilet, to have no automobile. They are allowed to go to the movies once a week. Their food is an adequate diet at minimum cost, and no savings, other than life insurance, are provided for.

On June 15, 1942, the cost of this budget was ascertained in thirty-three large cities, and varied from a low of $1,405.86 in Mobile, Alabama, to a high of $1,704.78 in Washington, D. C. – THE EDITORS]

Unite the Liberals!

SIR: Bliven's and Straight's articles on the necessity for unity among liberals really hit home. At least the need is seen for an organization, built from the ground up with support from the top down, which will back up Roosevelt and liberal policies. Every single backward step from liberal policies which the New Deal has been forced to take has been in the face of highly organized political minorities. Whether we like it or not, we have government by pressure groups. And there are no pressure groups which represent the whole people!

Here is the big chance progressives have been waiting for. The country needs a non-partisan, independent political pressure group which represents the interests of the general public and not special interests. National committees built up from prominent names won't do the trick alone unless roots are sunk in every city precinct and country hamlet. National policies are shaped by those groups which control large blocks of votes. Why can't independent liberals develop a strong, decentralized organization which will support good men for office and back them up when policies are being hammered out.

Now is the time to begin. The forces of greed and reaction are already organized into many special-interest groups; they have control of one big political party and are trying to grab

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the other. Let us throw our organized political and financial support behind the men and policies best fitted to build a better world.

The time to start is now!

New York City S. H. C.

In Praise of Bob Kenny

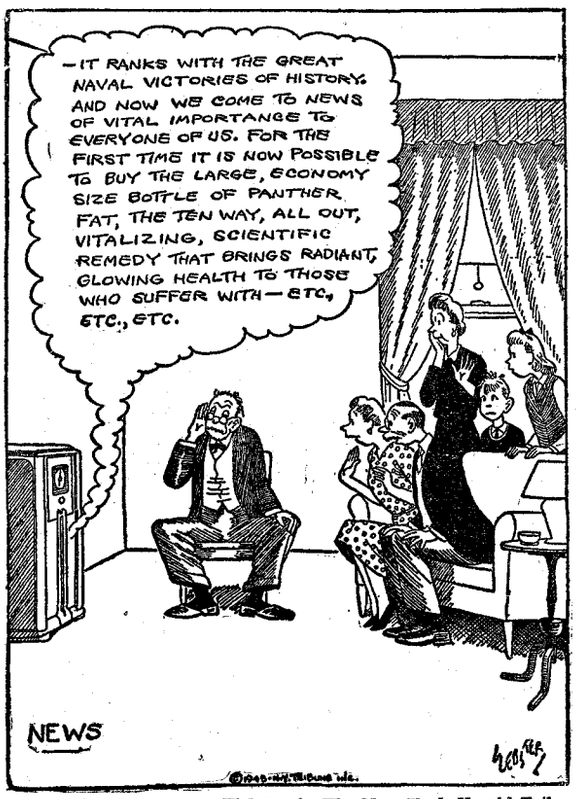
SIR: Generally unnoticed in the newspaper comments on the November election in California was the fact that not all the Democratic candidates were defeated. While Governor Olsen and Lieutenant-Governor Patterson were defeated, Robert Walker Kenny was elected attorney general by an impressive vote.

A young man, Bob Kenny is known in California as a political virtuoso, with a native political tact and ability that is the marvel of every politician in the state. Former newspaper correspondent, a deputy county counsel (Los Angeles), a municipal court judge, a superior court judge (the youngest in the state), state senator from Los Angeles County (1938-42), and now attorney general, he is undeniably the outstanding liberal and progressive leader in California around whom, with proper administration support, a new progressive movement can be built. To those who know him he is not only the natural leader of the labor-progressive forces, but a man who is destined to go far in state and national politics. In the recent campaign, his supporters ranged from former Attorney General U. S. Webb (arch-reactionary) to Harry Bridges; from the former state chairman of the Republican Party to Ed Vandeleur of the State Federation of Labor. He had, moveover, the active support of all branches of the labor movement in California.

If there is any political realism left in Washington, then surely the administration will recognize Bob Kenny as the leader of liberal democracy in California and give him the support he so richly deserves. If they fail to do so, then they can write California off as lost to the Republican Party in 1944.

Los Angeles, Calif. CAREY MC WILLIAMS

Radio Razzberry, Cont'd.


—IT RANKS WITH THE GREAT NAVAL VICTORIES OF HISTORY. AND NOW WE COME TO NEWS OF VITAL IMPORTANCE TO EVERYONE OF US. FOR THE FIRST TIME IT IS NOW POSSIBLE TO BUY THE LARGE, ECONOMY SIZE BOTTLE OF PANTHER FAT, THE TEN WAY, ALL OUT, VITALIZING, SCIENTIFIC REMEDY THAT BRINGS RADIANT, GLOWING HEALTH TO THOSE WHO SUFFER WITH—ETC., ETC., ETC.
NEWS

Webster in The New York Herald Tribune

"Wide Is the Gate"

SIR: I have read Mr. Malcolm Cowley's entertaining discourse on "Wide Is the Gate" [The New Republic, January 11] and I am happy to learn that he is able to accept me as a man, even though he cannot accept me as a novelist. He raises a curious question: to what extent it is possible to be a great writer and at the same time a good man. The first time this question was raised in my case, so far as I can recall, was by the late Frank Harris, who published an essay on my books and gave me the information that what I needed in order to become a world novelist was, in substance, to commit adultery. I had to tell him in reply that I had a perfectly satisfactory wife to whom I was devoted, and that I found the price of fame too high. Since that time I have been content to pick up such crumbs of attention as have fallen from the tables of the successful literary adulterers of this Freudian age.

Pasadena, Calif. UPTON SINCLAIR

[I'm afraid it's too late now. Even if Mr. Sinclair spent his days among the wreckage of the Ten Commandments and his nights with the Seven Deadly Sins, and then had breakfast with Lucretia Borgia, he would still be as good as bread. I wish we had more like him. – M. C.]

From The New Republic Mail Bag

From Robert G. Ramsey, dean of students at Olivet College, Olivet, Michigan, comes the interesting suggestion that small liberal-arts colleges throughout the country which are not adaptable for war-training programs be utilized by the War Manpower Commission for the rehabilitation and reëducation of our wounded soldiers as they are brought back from the fighting fronts. "For the vast majority of men," Dean Ramsey writes, "expert training could be provided, and it is in the normal healthy surroundings of our small colleges, not in hospitals, that real restoration of body, mind and skills can take place." This suggestion has been made in an open letter to Manpower Commissioner Paul V. McNutt who, we think, might do well to study it.

From Carol Seeley of New York City come more rhymed lines intended to set Mr. Manny Farber, our movie critic, on the proper road to critical values. The gist of Miss Seeley's epic is as follows:

> Not long ago in time and place,
> Old Mack Sennett was decried
> Because he wasn't dignified.
> Tires flat, pies in the face,
> Weren't considered new or nice
> By moral people bred on ice.
> But in those days of too much money
> It was our way of being funny.
>
> Now it's something else we seek,
> And you must find it week by week.
> We like your standards, wrong and right,
> That cut clear through producers' might.
> But bear in mind
> That—though the screen is of that kind—
> Hollywood's not black and white.

And the conclusion:

> Ask Uncle Otis[1] for a lesson.
> He understood the pop expression.

[1] Ferguson, former New Republic movie critic now in the merchant marine.

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Books in Review

The Hosting of the Shee

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS once said quite soberly that he believed in fairies, meaning the supernatural kind, and it is easy to imagine that a whole tribe of them came riding the south wind from the Wicklow Hills to that middle-class Dublin suburb where he was born. They surrounded his cradle in pairs, a good fairy beside an evil fairy, one pronouncing a blessing and the other a curse. But because the child's father was close in spirit to the Shee, and his mother seemed a little bewitched, it was agreed that the good fairy would have the last word.

"Why should I curse him?" said the first to speak, a squint-eyed leprechaun. "The fates cursed him already when they made him neither English nor Irish, neither gentle nor simple, but the first child born to a miserable proud family of half-English squireens."—"That is no fatal curse," said the good fairy that stood beside the leprechaun. "There was Swift who managed to live in spite of it, and there were Goldsmith and Burke and Sheridan. I cannot change it and I shall let it stand."

"This family shall lose every acre of its rackrented Irish land," said Hooknose, the second of the evil fairies. "This child shall spend his first fifty years with scarcely one shilling to rub against another." But the good fairy answered, "I shall give him something better than silver, and that is the power of not caring for it."

"His childhood shall be unhappy," said a hunchbacked shape. But the good fairy answered, "Therefore he shall grow happier with every year of his life, as if gradually conquering something in himself."

Knock-knees was the next to speak. "His mother shall be so broken and bedeviled by poverty that she will lose her mind." The good fairy answered, "I shall give this child the best and most understanding father that a poet ever had."

Clubfoot said, "He shall get no more schooling than the children of the tenants on his family's lost estate. He shall go to his grave without ever learning to spell." And the good fairy answered, "He shall learn his words from peasant women in Sligo, and they will be words that other poets have forgotten how to use."

Then Toothless said, squeaking with malice, "He shall fall in love with a beautiful woman who cares for him no more than she does for her caged canaries. He shall worship her for thirty years, risk his repuation for her sake and then, at the age of fifty, he shall fall in love with her niece, who will reject him just as scornfully." This time the good fairy smiled. "That is a happy state for a poet to be in, loving a woman vainly and freed by that love from getting involved with others, and all the time writing great poems about her. Have you no deadlier curse to offer at all?"

"Yes, I have a deadlier curse," said a leathery little spirit that had the ugliest single features of all the others, the squint eyes, the knock-knees, the clubfoot, and also smelled like the father-in-law of all the billy goats. Emer was his name, and he had been a sorcerer in pagan Ireland until, for his great learning, he had been granted the privilege of joining the almost immortals. "I know the race of poets from before St. Patrick's time," he said. "I know their lies and weaknesses and I shall hate them to the last generation. His majesty"—and he bowed to King Brian till it seemed that his nose was scratching the floor—"will maybe grant me the privilege of cursing the child three times."

"Sure and you'll have four curses," said King Brian. The others had spoken in Gaelic, which is the language of the Shee, but the king felt that it was his duty to be modern; and having been to the theatre in Dublin, he talked like a stage Irishman. "Sure and you can curse the hair off the crown of his head and the potatoes out of his mouth altogether. But Fergus here, who was a poet himself in the old times, will be blessing the child after each of your curses."

So Emer began, "He shall be among those poets who mistake art for religion and cut themselves off from life; and life shall take its revenge on them one by one, so that they die in the madhouse or the gutter." And Fergus answered, "He shall be the only survivor of his tragic generation."

"Yes, he shall survive," said Emer, "but only by plunging into Irish politics and making faithful enemies and losing his gift for writing verse, while his friends laugh at him behind his back as a poet whose career has ended at thirty-seven."—"He shall have a second career," said Fergus, "more brilliant than the first."

"His mind shall go astray," said Emer, "among all sorts of crazy superstitions. Not only shall he believe in honest fairies like us, but also in mediums, magicians, fortune tellers, fakirs and wise men from Egypt who offer to explain the secret of the Pyramids for the loan of a ten-shilling note. He shall construct a magical system of philosophy that will raddle the wits of everyone who studies it, beginning with himself. . . ."—"Yes," said Fergus interrupting, "and he shall make great poems out of that same crazy vision. He shall make great poems out of everything—his unhappy childhood, his unconsummated love, his marriage late in life, his political quarrels, his loss of faith in the Irish people, his abiding love for Ireland and even his snarling grief when he finds that age and decrepitude have been tied to him as if to a dog's tail. He shall be writing poems two days before his death, and he shall have accomplished what no one else could do in his time, by turning his whole life into a tower of poetry existing outside himself, outlasting his mortal world and the ages of man."

Then Emer howled his fourth curse: "It shall all be ruined after his death by an authorized biography." At that the child began wailing in his cradle. And Fergus said in desperation, "It shall be a biography written by a genius, a great biography. . . ."

"Stop," said King Brian. "You are after giving the babe some wonderful blessings, Fergus. You do be making

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him the most fortunate poet that ever was born from Irish womb. But there be limits, Fergus, and an author-rized biography that is also a gr-reat biography is too much of a blessing entirely. Might you be thinking that the likes of us fairies can work miracles," he said, "as if we were the saints of heaven?"

Joseph Hone's authorized life of the poet[1] is not miraculous or even a work of human genius, but it is a careful, wise and necessary book. There is almost no end to the sources on which it could draw. Yeats himself was, I think, the best autobiographical writer of our time, and Mr. Hone quotes from him at length, while sometimes pointing out his factual errors. Yeats's father published his reminiscences, as did Maud Gonne MacBride, the woman Yeats loved vainly for almost thirty years. Besides these public sources, Mr. Hone had the poet's private papers and the close help of his widow, his brother, his two sisters and dozens of his friends. No later biographer will enjoy the same advantages.

On the other hand, assistance like this puts limitations on what the biographer can say. Nothing must be printed that will hurt the poet's family or his public standing or the many friends who have been so kind. Nothing must deeply offend Yeats's enemies, or they will bring suit for libel before obliging judges. The Irish censorship, which never sleeps, must not be aroused to fury. With all these difficulties to overcome, it is no wonder that Mr. Hone adds comparatively little to what was known already. The wonder is that he has managed—and that the poet's family has permitted him—to say as much as he does.

In dealing with Yeats's later years, he disproves some items of literary gossip and confirms others. It is not true, for example, that the poet was a virgin when he married at the age of fifty-two, as people in England liked to believe. Mr. Hone discreetly mentions two liaisons and does not deny the possibility of others. It is true, on the other hand, that he underwent the Steinach glandular operation at the age of sixty-nine and that it made him look, act and even write like another man. His connection with the Irish fascist movement was closer than people knew in this country: he entertained General O'Duffy, the Blueshirt leader, and gave him long harangues on Hegel and Spengler, besides finding virtues in Mussolini and even Hitler. Earlier, when he spent six years in the Irish Senate, he allied himself with a conservative group composed of landlords, bankers, lawyers and business men. Yeats as a public figure had changed completely since the days when he called himself a socialist and told Lady Gregory that they must accept the baptism of the gutter. Yet unlike most of the other poets who became political reactionaries, he had not lost his power to speak and write frankly. Perhaps the best feature of Mr. Hone's biography is his fashion of quoting the poems so that they illuminate Yeats's life, which in turn illuminates and gives still more effect to the poems. From time to time, however, we feel that some essential detail has been left out of the story. There are many things about Yeats that we may never learn, unless we consult the Shee who held their hosting at his cradle.

MALCOLM COWLEY

[1] W. B. Yeats, 1865-1939, by Joseph Hone. New York: The Macmillan Company. 545 pages. $6.

How Can Our Cities Survive?

Can Our Cities Survive? An ABC of Urban Problems, Their Analysis, Their Solutions, by José Luis Sert. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 259 pages. $5.

"CAN OUR CITIES SURVIVE?" is one of those handsome, exciting books which owe a remote debt to the tractarian genius of Le Corbusier. Its author is the distinguished Spanish architect, J. L. Sert—not to be confused with the painter of the Rockefeller City murals—and behind him stand the collective labors of the International Congress of Modern Architects, the CIAM, whose researches and conclusions this book embodies. The combination of text, graphs and illustrations, in an ample horizontal folio, makes this an ideal book for the reader who wishes to understand the problems of the modern city and who needs help in visualizing its reconstruction. It is simple enough to be used as a text in city planning for high-school students; and it is comprehensive enough and critical enough to be useful even to those who are professionally familiar with the field that it covers.

The four main divisions of "Can Our Cities Survive?" deal with the dwelling place, the recreation areas, the work place and the transportation system. But Mr. Sert emphasizes, as his fundamental premise, that "our suggestions for the reorganization of these elementary functions are made in the hope of a better fulfilment of the cultural role of cities, which constitutes the main justification of their existence." The premise is sound and the intention admirable. Mr. Sert pictures the miseries of overcrowding and blight that have become the major characteristics of present-day urban growth, and he lays down, with abundant illustration, the new methods and principles that have been worked out during the last twenty-five years.

The whole argument for urban reconstruction is carried through with a sanity and a human insight that distinguish it from some of the earlier doctrinaire formulations by individual members of the CIAM group. Mr. Sert believes that our cities can and should survive; but the condition for their survival is the application of large-scale town planning which will embrace the reorganization of regions and countrysides as well. This is as important for the United States, it should go without saying, as for the devastated areas of Britain; for our blighted and bankrupted cities, though many of them will be temporarily halted in their downward course through the artificial economic stimulation of war, must eventually do by rational means what the German bombs have done for Britain in a hit-or-miss fashion: namely, tear down their slums and super-slums and start over again on the basis of satisfying fundamental human needs.

I have nothing but admiration for the way in which Mr. Sert has presented the essential technical problems and their solution. Hence I hesitate to express a difference which concerns, not the concrete proposals themselves, but the framework within which the whole thesis is set. If I dwell on this larger issue, it is because it seems to me that the great task for those who would prepare for post-war reconstruction is to throw off the automatism and inertia that make us believe that our job is to resume, without further reflection, the programs that once seemed so brightly

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capable of realization before the war cut them short. For the war is not a senseless accident, like a comet bursting in upon us from afar, but an organic expression of a disintegrating society; and unless we understand the nature of this disintegration, we shall be incapable of building a new order.

By the very date of its origin, 1928, the CIAM's approach to the problems of city development carried with it the hopes and convictions of the 1920's, the decade in which the concepts of modern architecture were reformulated. The foundations of our civilization still seemed sound in the twenties; and the outlook for mankind still seemed entirely hopeful on the basis of the existing forces and institutions: modern science and technology, more than one eminent historian wrote at that time, provided a secure guarantee against any relapse into barbarism.

During the last dozen years a volcanic upheaval of barbarism has taken place: weaknesses and corruptions in our society, long repressed or covered over, have now been fully revealed. Most of these weaknesses were accurately observed, if not fully diagnosed, during the nineteenth century; but instead of being sloughed off through the continued improvement of the machine, as the optimists took for granted, they were actually magnified by its success. The society that produced the gigantic mass cities of the twentieth century, with their immense mechanical activity, their complicated daily routines, their indifference to human measure and human purpose, their failure to create a valuable and significant life for the majority of their citizens—this society is now in its death throes. Even if the active barbarians had not broken loose, the subordination of life to mechanism would eventually have worked to the same end.

Can such a society save itself by rebuilding its cities? The answer is no; for in order to save itself it would have to forgo the very goals which, for the industrialist, the banker, the politician, the bureaucrat, even the labor leader, make life worth living. One might commission Mr. Robert Moses to rebuild New York from end to end, in the fashion he has already followed, and unless a basic change took place in our social purposes and our economic institutions, it would still be a doomed city: indeed, its rebuilding would possibly hasten its doom. We must not be deceived by spectacular constructions: it is important to evaluate the human purposes they fulfill. The public-works program of Athens under Pericles was a colossal one; but within a century, thanks to the ruinous political measures that policy necessitated, Athens became little more than a museum piece.

Now, the program that Mr. Sert and his associates have laid before us is, in the main, sound. But it has one critical defect: it makes the transformation look too easy. One might conclude from it that our country had only to employ able technicians, pass the necessary legislation to create planning bodies, vote the funds for building, and that the survival of our cities would then be assured. This conviction is shared by many of the post-war planning agencies in Washington. But it is founded on an error: for if the premises of our planning remain those of our past society, the result of all our vast post-war spending will be to give a new lease of life to the very forces that have led to the congestion, the blight and the dehumanization of our cities. To rebuild our cities we must transform our civilization, and base it, not on the automatic expansion of the machine, but on the integrated culture of the human personality. Those who are concerned merely to feed the machine are already talking loudly about super-highway construction as the basic expenditure of the post-war period: this in a country that has not yet succeeded in building housing quarters for its wage earners which have enough room inside or enough garden space outside.

Along with the civilization that is now writhing in its death convulsions arises another civilization—one whose outlines have been discernible for the last hundred years. This new civilization is committed, not to expansion but to stabilization, not to a ruthless struggle for existence but to a wider and richer coöperation, not to providing a field of action for the predatory human types but to building an environment in which the nurture of life, by parent and educator and physician, by psychologist and philosopher and artist, will spread the benefits of our scientific and humanistic culture to all members of the community. The forms of this new society are not yet easy to trace: indeed, the spirit of a dying order tends to blight and deform them: hence stabilization takes the form of "security insurance," mutual aid takes the form of monopolistic connivance, and socialization assumes the guise of military compulsion. Modern architecture, at its best, is a visual clarification of this new social design. But one must not minimize the extent of the moral and social reorientation that this change-over demands: neither the death struggle nor the birth agonies are easy to face. A change of heart, a change of mind, a change of purpose, a change of method are all essential to the change in form that the architect and planner will, at long last, embody. If we overlook these preliminaries, we may never reach the goal.

LEWIS MUMFORD

Alabama Faulkner

The Looking Glass, by William March. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 346 pages. $2.50.

IT IS ABOUT TIME someone "discovered" William March. True, there is a William March cult, but a man who has been writing for twelve years and has published six books that rank with the best American fiction being written should have something more than a cult and a quiet fame in the short-story anthologies. By now, March has explored his Alabama county almost as thoroughly as Faulkner has explored his Mississippi county, delved just as deeply into the recesses of the human personality, and come up with material fully as striking (if handled without Faulkner's somewhat excessive symbolism of horror).

"The Looking Glass," March's fourth novel and his first since 1936, is almost impossible to summarize on the level of plot. It is concerned with the interrelated lives of the inhabitants of "Reedyville," including at least a dozen central characters and innumerable minor ones. There is Manny Nelloha, the boy obsessed with the fear that he is a Negro, who grows up to become a doctor, deliberately murders the girl he loves through a septic abortion, and spends the rest of his life in expiation; Honey Boutwell, the oversexed white girl who achieves international fame as a "Negro" singer of blues; Minnie McInnis McMinn, the small-town journalist who becomes a whopping success as a

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hack writer and radio personality; Virginia Owen, the Goodwife of Death, who spends her life preparing the dead for burial as a way of sending offerings to her husband, Death; and any number of others equally exotic.

Many of these characters are familiar from the other books, and all their obsessions are. March, in the great tradition, is centrally concerned with the theme of guilt and expiation: the idea, as he expresses it in the words of the Negro spiritual that is the epigraph for his best novel, that you can't go over, under, or around the Lord, but must come in the door, the "door" of sacrificial death or destruction. His first novel, "Company K," was a bitter anti-war pattern of soldiers' reminiscences, its core (later amplified and reprinted as a short story) the wanton murder of German prisoners that made the nine men who participated in it themselves forever "prisoners," until one killed himself as Sacrificial King for them and brought the rest surcease. The next, "Come in at the Door," was the study of a child who caused the death of a Negro friend and suffered lifelong tragedy until he found release in madness. March's third novel, "The Tallons," was the almost classical story of a man who murdered his brother, took his brother's wife, and went inevitably through the tragic rituals of repentance, obsession, confession and execution. The two volumes of short stories, "The Little Wife" and "Some Like Them Short," run to similar themes again and again.

In "The Looking Glass," a more complex work than any of the others, March reduces this theme in scale and plays variations on it. The book's form is almost completely inchoate, as bad as Faulkner at his worst, with the story told backwards and forwards, the shifts in time and character almost haphazard, and the single small thread of continuity, a boy's attempt to borrow three dollars to pay a doctor, so trivial that it gets lost for chapters on end. What gives this seemingly formless book its high degree of organization is the imagery, which is as tight and carefully woven as a good symphony, and is impossible to do justice to within the brief space of a review. The central image of the book, the looking-glass itself, translates as "sacrificial death by immolation in ice" (as, for example, the twelve-year-old prodigy's suicide in a frozen pond), but it also partakes of such diverse characteristics as sex, blood, deformity, incest and the ultimate end of the world (a more terrible and final destruction, March says, than that by water, drought, fire or decay) and thus serves as a bridging device to unite all the scattered imagery in the book.

As in all the other books, March relies heavily on his favorite method, a kind of grisly irony that speaks out for good by flaunting evil. His stories are all magnificently turned exercises in irony, and the moral content of the novels frequently takes the form of outright parable (particularly in "Come in at the Door," where a short, highly effective ironic parable is inserted after every few chapters.) What little direct social statement the books contain is either a wryly ironic presentation of the villain's case (as in a bitter story about peonage called "Runagate Niggers") or a cutting paradox that reverses the truth, like the comment on "passing" implicit in "The Looking Glass" when Honey Boutwell, the blues singer, begs a friend not to expose her as white and ruin her life.

"The Looking Glass" reiterates and amplifies the body of what might be called March's "philosophy," about as depressing a set of ideas as can be imagined. March seems to believe that all men must live in loneliness and isolation, their only possible communication "lies," but that the threads of their lives are nevertheless inseparably bound together. He tends to see all people as either mentally or psychologically deformed, and all relationships between them, particularly close family relationships, as only endless variants of sadism and masochism, hatred and answering love, murder and expiation. His books may be lower-keyed than Faulkner's, but they are quite as lively.

If there is any single clue to William March's preoccupations, it would seem to be a guilt obsession with his part in the last war. Whatever his preoccupations, he has been exorcising them on paper with consummate skill. "The Looking Glass," although probably not so remarkable a novel as "Come in at the Door," is remarkable enough, and contains spots that are better than anything March has done before. It is a pleasure to read a writer with a knowledge of his craft and so full an awareness of the material he is manipulating. William Faulkner had better look to his laurels.

STANLEY EDGAR HYMAN

A good voting system is THE fundamental requirement of good government.

A government, in the long run, isn't any better than its voting system.

A constitution isn't any better than the voting system through which, directly or indirectly, its interpreters are selected.

Wm. Crocker

Italy from Nowhere

Italy from Within, by Richard G. Massock. New York: The Macmillan Company. 400 pages. $3.

THERE WAS A TIME in Rome, and not so many years ago, when some local anti-fascists built great hopes on the American correspondents in Italy. Here, they thought, we have a group of people admittedly of democratic persuasion, enjoying a kind of extra-territoriality, that is, a certain freedom of movement, and steady connections with the outside world. What a heaven-sent manna for our activities, if we could get just a little help from them! Needless to say, the hopes of these optimists were properly ill founded. But their disenchantment was not complete till they realized that these American newspapermen were (with possibly one exception to my best knowledge), not only the mildest of fighters against Fascist censorship and the most platonic of lovers toward Italian freedom, but that even their private eagerness to learn more about the country of their assignment was hardly noticeable.

If this statement seems biased, go through the most recent Inside Italy report, a full-length book by Richard G. Massock, chief of the Rome Bureau of the AP during the

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three crucial years before Pearl Harbor. Mr. Massock summarizes not less than the whole history of Mussolini's regime, from the foundation of the first *fascio* up to the present. It is painful to realize that his first-hand information is consistently far below the average already available to the readers of any liberal weekly.

The rout of Guadalajara, for instance, is recorded without mention of the fact that here, for the first time in the Fascist era, free Italians and enslaved faced each other on a battlefield. And Pius XI, who called Mussolini "the Man sent by Providence," is grossly played up almost as an anti-fascist Pope, who, if we are to believe the author, died "as the greatest victim of fascism in 1939." Occasionally, Mr. Massock's misinformation reaches the point of the ridiculous, as when he tells us that after the Matteotti murder the parliamentary opposition "withdrew to a building on one of Rome's seven hills," thus confusing their secession with that famous, physical "retreat to the Aventine" of 503 B.C., from which the protest of 1924 A.D. only borrowed a symbolic name. On the major lines of policy, Mr. Massock is inclined to accept what may be called the Fascist interpretation for foreign consumption. Mussolini "provided schools for all." The corruption of Fascist officials "usually . . . never reached the attention of the Duce." "The [Fascist] Corporations, which might have been a model for other nations to copy," etc.

One would expect Mr. Massock to be better at gossip-reporting. But he succeeds in being lax even at retelling Mussolini's noisy love-affair with Clara Petacci (whose name for some gallant reason the author refuses to print), about which every third person in Rome could provide the most accurate chronological, topographic and physiological data. The author's knowledge of Italian is not impressive, judging from his persistent mispelling of geographical and proper nouns (*"Oswaldo," "Caroculla," "Terminilla," "Riccioni"*), his definition of the *gagà* (the Italian term for the urban "fop") as a "drug-store cowboy," and his rendering of *"gite voluttuarie"* (luxury driving) as "voluptuous travel," followed by a sneer at those delightful Italians.

One point, however, should be made in favor of Mr. Massock. While other recent first-hand reports on Italy bear traces of their authors' hasty adjustments to militant anti-fascism, Mr. Massock's testimony is distressingly candid: he has literally nothing to conceal. "We were just newspapermen, without seditious thoughts or political animosity."

The last chapter ("After Mussolini?"), the only one which might have been worth writing, climaxes Mr. Massock's touching perplexity. We had learned before that he "knew one working-class family," and that he "had no contact with the underground, at least so far as *he* was aware." He is willing to admit that to him the future of Italy is a sealed book. There is no revolt to hope for. The Italians are tired. He cites an obscure French writer to support his suggestion that "perhaps the individuality of the Italian was at fault," and produces an "anti-fascist" acquaintance to propose "a military dictator," after (or instead of?) the deluge. But "would the United Nations," Mr. Massock wonders with unintentional irony, "accept a military dictatorship?" However, "Americans should first prepare for an invasion by making the Italians believe we are going . . . to free them from fascism"!

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The new Archbishop of Canterbury was appointed by Prime Minister Winston Churchill against the wishes of Tory reactionaries in Britain. A huge audience in the Albert Hall, London, heard the Archbishop declare for transference of taxes from production equipment to ground values. (See Christian Century, October 7, 1942.) Churchill himself, in a volume recently issued in New York, says: "Who could have thought that it would be easier to produce by toil and skill all the most necessary or desirable commodities than it is to find consumers for them? It is certain that the economic problem with which we are now confronted is not adequately solved, indeed is not solved at all, by the teachings of the textbooks, however grand may be their logic, however illustrious may be their authors." Churchill is also for the taxation of ground rental values.

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Those who know, are worried that in Italy sympathy with America now seems to be reaching its lowest ebb. Mr. Massock's book, as shallow as it is typical, offers at least one explanation for such a deepening resentment and growing mistrust.

PAOLO MILANO

A Reader's List

ALFRED NOBEL: DYNAMITE KING—ARCHITECT OF PEACE, by Herta E. Pauli (Fischer, $3). A biography of the dynamite king which presents him as a lonely, weak, neurotic character fascinated by destruction and haunted by a compensatory social conscience. His background, family life, love experiences, youth and maturity are presented in as much detail as the rather scanty material available concerning him will allow. The writing suffers, perhaps, from too conscious an attempt at vividness; for a biographer the author seems too fond of the fictional ideal. Without intending it, this portrait of Nobel offers one of the best arguments for the socialization of the armament industry.

HORACE WILLIAMS: GADFLY OF CHAPEL HILL, by Robert Watson Winston (North Carolina, $3). Horace Williams (1858-1940), Hegelian scholar, bold, incisive, unconventional thinker, taught philosophy at the University of North Carolina for nearly fifty years, left a small fortune to endow his old department. A gadfly in the manner of Socrates, often attacked by Fundamentalists, "Old Horace" managed to escape a heresy trial. Thomas Wolfe admired him, sketched his old mentor in "Look Homeward, Angel." But Williams was really a bigger man than Wolfe's portrait would indicate. The greatest teacher the South has ever produced, according to Judge Winston, Horace Williams did much for civilization in North Carolina. A laudatory biography, but well written.

THEY CAME AS FRIENDS, by Tor Myklebost (Doubleday, $2.50). This is the story of the Nazi invasion of Norway, the sixty-two-day battle of an almost unarmed nation, and how the National Labor Federation and the various sports and cultural organizations fought back during and after the debacle. Written in episodic details, the book gives the background of Quisling, relates the activity of ex-*Henker* Heydrich, tells how the underground functioned, how the Church carried on—and is a veritable composite of the evils brought by the "brother Aryans." A good resumé of the events and almost up to date as history.

THE GAUNT WOMAN, by Edmund Gilligan (Scribner's, $2.50). A novel about fishing boats and Nazi submarines off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, in which the author packs in thrilling episodes as tightly as the fishermen lay their halibut into the holds. The story relates how Captain Patrick Bannon, skipper of the schooner Daniel Webster, discovers and eventually destroys The Gaunt Woman, a mother ship disguised as a Danish fisherman which has been tending and supplying U-boats operating in the Atlantic. The writing about the sea is very good; but on the whole the author relies too much on melodramatic action, rejecting the heavier burdens of authorship in his treatment of character, especially when he allows his hero to take time out from killing Nazis in order to deliver patriotic speeches.

Contributors

GEORGE P. WEST has worked on newspapers in San Francisco, Chicago and New York and for the United Press as White House correspondent. For eight years he was associate editor of The San Francisco (Scripps-Howard) News. He now lives at Los Gatos.

HAROLD MAGER, lawyer and economist, contributes to The New Republic, The Nation and other journals.

THOMAS SANCTON, managing editor of The New Republic, is at work on a book about the South and the race problem which will be published this year by Harpers.

LEWIS MUMFORD has written extensively on art, literature and the social sciences. A pamphlet, "The Social Basis of Urban Rebuilding," is being published shortly by Faber and Faber, London. He is teaching this year at Leland Stanford University.

STANLEY EDGAR HYMAN contributes regularly to The New Republic and The New Yorker.

PAOLO MILANO, an Italian dramatic critic, is now teaching Romance Languages at Queens College, New York City.

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